

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE
MACLEAN'S

January 1, 1950

Ten Cents

MID-CENTURY REVIEW

The Greatest Ten of Our Time
picked by Robert Hutchins

Articles by
Gilbert Seldes and Lister Sinclair

JANUARY

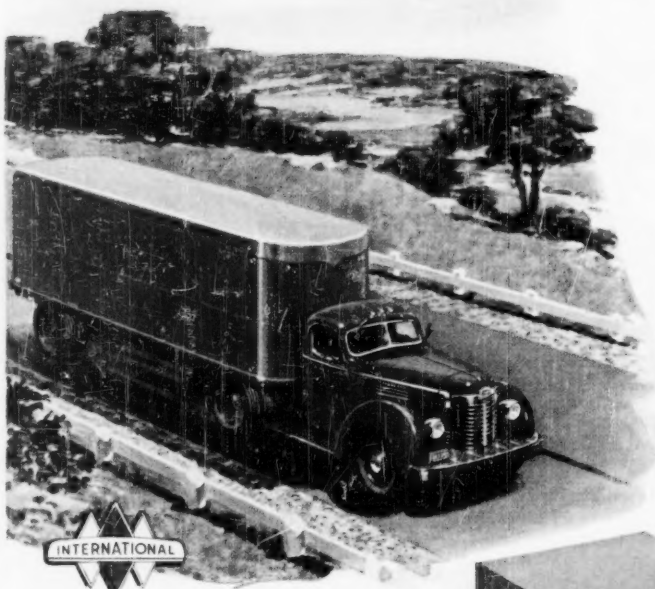
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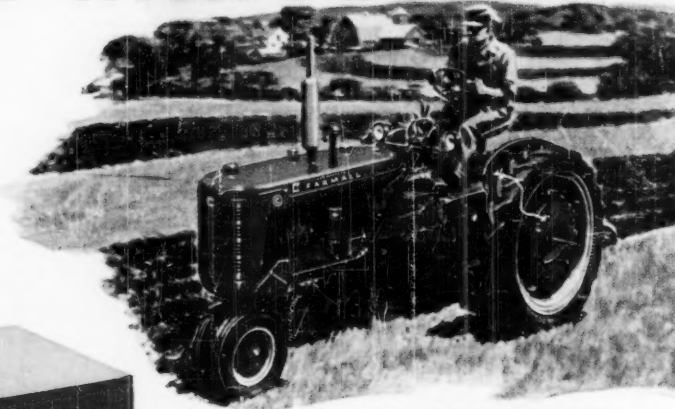


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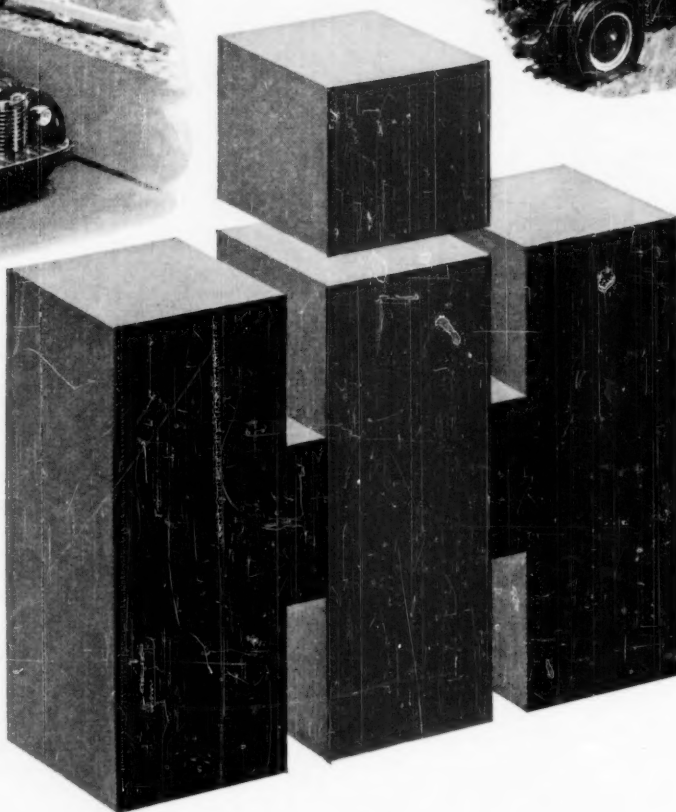
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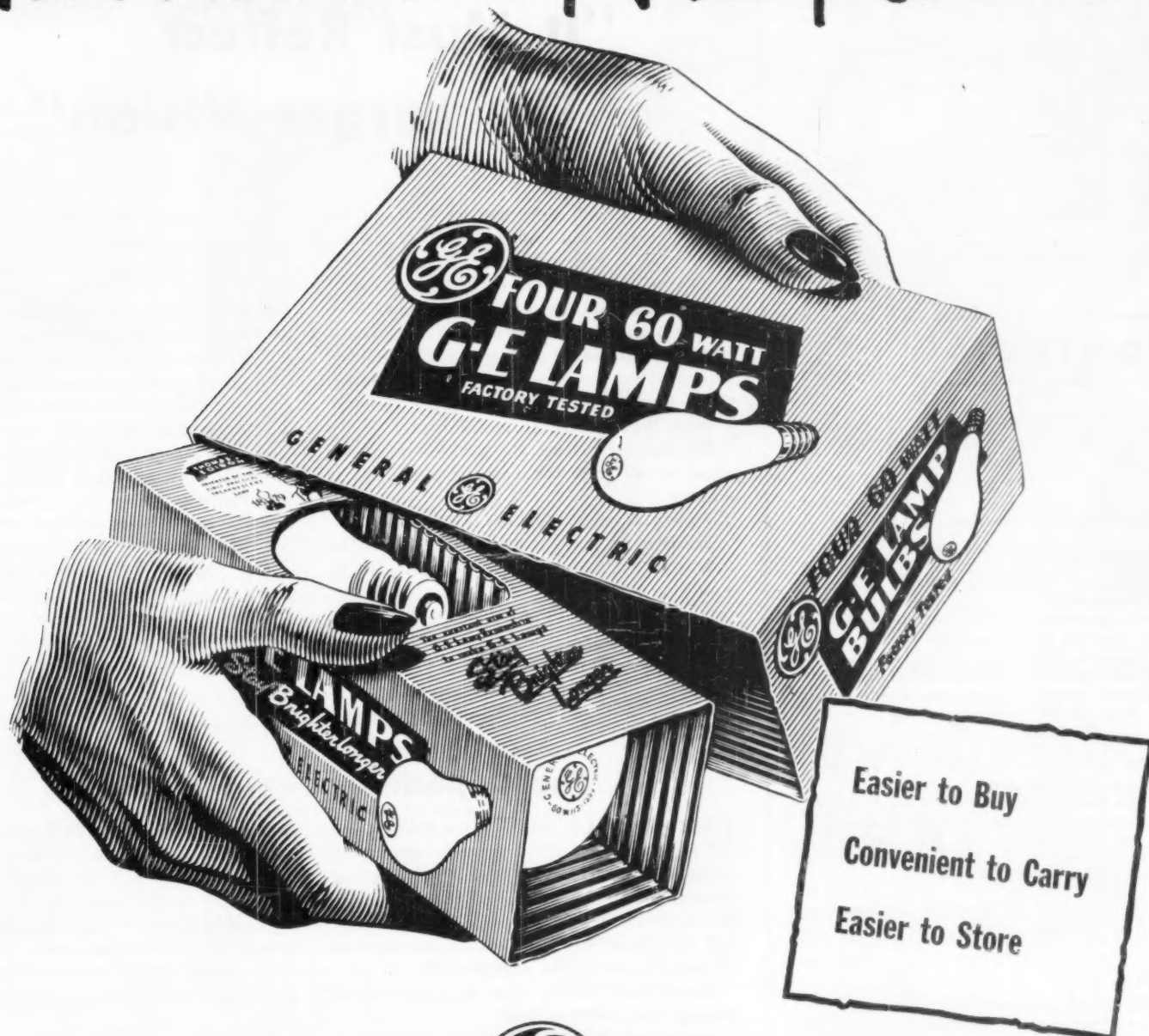


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EDITORIALS

"It Must Reflect The Larger Vision"

NOW THAT we're halfway through the century and everybody is looking backward or forward or both, this seems a good time to look at the national magazine.

Why and what is a national magazine?

Here's the answer given by Arthur Irwin, editor of Maclean's, and quoted in the brief presented by the Periodical Press Association to the Royal Commission on National Development in the Arts, Letters and Sciences:

By its very nature, the national magazine must be all that the name implies, else it withers.

To live, it must reflect the larger vision.

To serve its constituency it must reveal the nation to itself, not only in its parts but as a unity.

Of provincialism, or parochialism, it can have no part.

Always must it maintain the open forum

where opposing views can be aired and thus bring men to better understanding.

Where there is strife it must record the facts, the issues of the conflict; but always as the interpreter whose concern is the national interest—never as a partisan pleader.

Being above party, it must deal fairly with men of all parties; by so doing it brings to its readers the means to appraisal of current affairs unclouded by party bias.

Being a means to self-criticism of the people it serves, it must speak bluntly of national misdemeanor.

To be read it must be vital; which is to say it must make drama of the stuff of life.

And since its field is the nation, it must perforce unfold the story of a nation's progress.

Which is why the national magazine is at once a means to a people's self-understanding and a dynamic national force.

The Opposition Draws Blood

LAST SUMMER, when the Liberals won three quarters of the seats in the House of Commons, we remarked that "the weakened Opposition will have great difficulty piercing the Government's armor of self-satisfaction," and that "what the Opposition cannot do must be done by the public and press."

Events have shown that we were talking through the editorial hat.

Never in the last 14 years has the Opposition put on a better performance than it did in the closing weeks of the session recently ended.

George Drew and John Diefenbaker for the Progressive Conservatives, M. J. Coldwell and

Stanley Knowles for the CCF made things very hot for the Government in the Combines Act debate. They could have done it no better, and might indeed have done it a lot worse, if they'd had 30 or 40 more Opposition members behind them than they have.

The debate had the shining virtue of brevity and point; little David's slingshot found its mark.

Without in any sense being partisan we proffer a New Year's orchid to an Opposition which despite its numerical weakness has shown that the parliamentary system is still full of bounce and vitality.

How to Take a Hand in UN

WOULD you like to take a personal part in the United Nations? You can do it without knowing a thing about diplomatic protocol, committee procedure or how or when to hurl a veto.

All you have to know is that 20 million children in this world haven't enough to eat, enough to wear or enough medicine to keep them well. All you have to do is send a dollar (or more if you can spare it) to UNICEF, Ottawa, Ont.

UNICEF is short for the United Nations

International Children's Emergency Fund. It's the only branch of UN that asks help from citizens as well as governments. It has already helped to save the lives of some 6 million children in more than 50 countries in both hemispheres.

But UNICEF's funds are running low. Our Government has contributed \$6 millions, will soon give another \$1 million. But all of us can do something toward redressing one of war's great injustices—the misery, disease and starvation it inflicts on innocent youngsters.

In the Editors' Confidence

THE interview with Robert Maynard Hutchins on pages 10 and 11 ("The Greatest Ten of Our Time") started out on Chicago's downtown Wacker Drive in the offices of the Encyclopaedia Britannica, stretched out under the clattering El, along the lakeside Michigan Boulevard, ended up on the broad Midway of the University of Chicago.

When he got his breath our staff writer Leslie F. Hannon reported on the way he interviewed one of America's busiest men.

For Bob Hutchins is many things besides the controversial chancellor of the university Rockefeller founded in 1891. To give just one instance: He was chairman of the Goethe Bicentennial Foundation and sparkplugged the invitation which brought Albert Schweitzer from his beloved hospital in Equatorial Africa to deliver the major speech (in French) at the celebrations.

Yet there is no impression of speed when working with Hutchins. The man who was Dean of the Yale Law School at 28 and two years later head of a great university has at 50 an ordered mind that borders on the miraculous. He makes the sort of interview most newspapermen dream about.

No shrinking violet, he once stated: "There are two ways to have a great university. It must have either a great football team or a great president." (Football ceased at Chicago in 1939.)

In education, Hutchins believes in the importance of ideas rather than facts. His decision to work the Great Books (Aristotle, Plato, St. Thomas Aquinas, etc.) heavily into his degree courses touched off a tempest in learning circles, but now they make up 75% of the reading for his two-year B.A.

●Lester Sinclair, who was himself the subject of a Maclean's article about a year ago (we called him a "rumpled young man with a beard") was up to his eyeglasses in work when we called him around deadline time a few weeks back.



Hutchins: Sense at top speed.

We'd outlined what we wanted for our Mid-Century Review over crackers and coffee in the CBC's basement cafeteria about a month before and ever since Sinclair had been squeezing in his research between great slabs of radio and stage assignments: Reading half a dozen books at breakneck speed for the CBC's weekly "Critically Speaking," polishing up "St. Augustine of Canterbury" for Andrew Allan's Sunday night "Stage 50," helping out with two briefs before the Royal Commission on the Arts, and almost completely revising his stage play "Man in the Blue Moon" which is to be produced in London, England, by the Sunday Theatre, an experimental organization under the aegis of Dame Sybil Thorndike. Despite all this Sinclair made our deadline with the article which leads off our mid-century issue on page 5.

Since we last reported on Sinclair he has won three more radio Oscars: Two of the coveted Columbus awards for his documentary "The Case Against Cancer" and his adaptation of T. S. Eliot's "Murder in the Cathedral," as well as the Canadian Radio Drama Award which went to the CBC for the Wednesday night production of Ibsen's "Ghosts" which Sinclair adapted.



OSCAR CAHEN, who painted this cover, used a stream of consciousness technique in selecting the scenes to depict the months. He tells us he sat back and let his mind stray over the year, stopping whenever it came to a tableau or a vista that appealed to him while he made a sketch. He says, however, the April picture with the dog in it is right from life. He has a Great Dane that starred in this little domestic drama last spring.



NOTE HOW LISTERINE GARGLE REDUCED GERMS



BEFORE

The two drawings illustrate height of range in germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces in test cases before and after gargling Listerine Antiseptic. Fifteen minutes after gargling, germ reductions up to 96.7% were noted; and even one hour after, germs were still reduced as much as 80%.



AFTER

AT THE FIRST SYMPTOM OF A COLD OR SORE THROAT

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Actual tests conducted on all types of people in several industrial plants over a 12 year period revealed this astonishing truth: That those test subjects who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice daily had fewer colds and usually milder colds than non-users, and fewer sore throats due to colds.

Kills "Secondary Invaders"

This impressive record is explained by

Listerine Antiseptic's germ-killing action . . . its ability to kill threatening "secondary invaders"—the very types of germs that breed in the mouth and throat and are largely responsible, many authorities say, for the bothersome aspects of a cold.

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Reductions up to 96.7%

Even 15 minutes after Listerine Antiseptic gargle, tests have shown bacterial reductions on mouth and throat surfaces ranging to 96.7%. Up to 80% an hour afterward.

In view of this evidence, *don't you think it's sensible* to gargle with Listerine Antiseptic systematically twice a day and oftener when you feel a cold getting started?

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MID-CENTURY REVIEW

MANKIND IN THE AGE OF SCIENCE

By LISTER SINCLAIR

THE LAST 50 years has been the Age of Science. The things we think of as most typical of the modern world: radio, automobiles, movies, airplanes, birth control, to say nothing of the Kinsey Report and the Gallup Poll, surgery, public education and atomic energy—all these things have become universal in the Western world since 1900.

Some say it has been the Age of Speed. The supersonic jet plane has replaced the horse and buggy, the earth has seemed to shrink. As the 19th century was ending Jules Verne astonished everybody by showing how a man might go around the world in 80 days. A few weeks ago a British radio reporter went around the world in eight days, and without much trouble either. But all this has been the work of science: the chief credit goes to the internal combustion engine which gave us the automobile and the airplane, even if it also gave us the tank and the bomber.

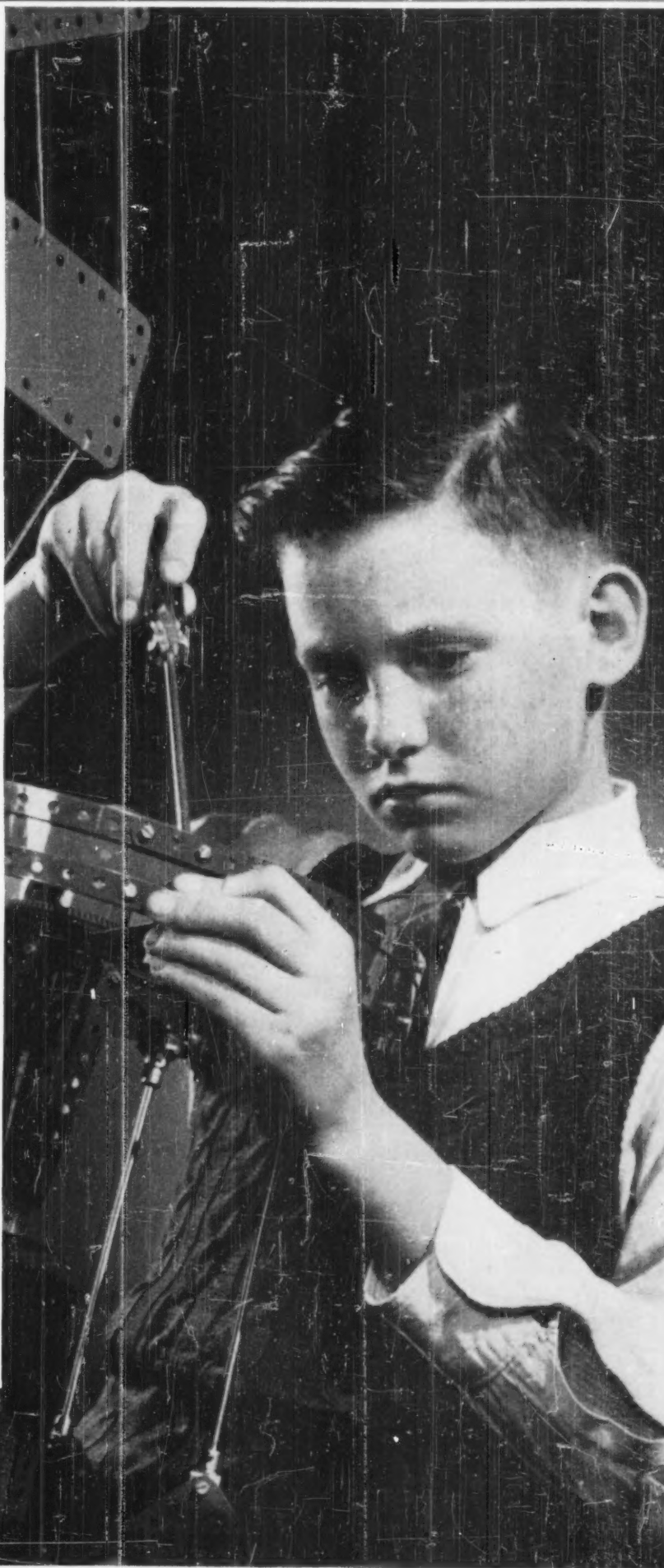
For this has also been the Age of Universal War; from 1914 to the present day. And the universality and deadly waste of modern war depend on modern science.

War means propaganda, and some say this has been the Age of Propaganda. There's no doubt about that, but the tools of modern propaganda—radio, linotype-produced newspapers, universal dogmatic education—are the work of modern science.

Some of the propaganda has hardened our hearts and thickened our eardrums. We have learned to

In a swift and crowded half-century modern man has lost his way among the dazzling, deadly achievements of science. Can we find the path of peace in a revival of the spirit?

KEN BELL



THE NEW RELIGION

keep our heads in an insulated cloud for our own protection. Consequently there are those who say the last 50 years have been the Age of Inattention, of feeling instead of thinking, of letting others exercise our minds and spirits.

We have become used to the everlasting leaking of the radio that is heard without being listened to; the continuous double-feature intoxication of the movies that are dreamed about without being thought about; the three-color tide of the comic books that are neither comic nor books as they tell their short crude stories in crude sign language; the desiccated essences of the digests full of specially written stories; and of the news magazines that conceal human prejudice and judgment behind the dead-pan mask of anonymous assertion.

None of these things could survive habitual attention from the audience, so we must grant our leisure is an Age of Inattention. But all the same these padded cells of mass entertainment are the work of modern science.

Others again say this has been the Age of Doubt, of faithlessness, of immorality, of the abandonment of belief except as hasty fire insurance in the stress of war. But if dogmatic religion and church authority have declined in the West it has been largely because many assertions of the churches about biology and history have been challenged by the work of modern science.

And lately, it is science that has been believed

because modern man expects the churches to produce good conduct, and science to produce good machines. In the last 50 years science has delivered and the churches have not. For social welfare and the bettering of mankind we now look not to churchmen but to social scientists, civil engineers, agricultural experts and other trained technicians.

When Mustaches Meant Virility

THUS in every part of our lives—in eating, drinking; living, dying; in youth, in age; at peace, at war; at home or abroad—we cannot escape the gigantic pressure of modern science. Science has replaced either religion or tradition in most fields of authority; or rather science has become the new religion and the new tradition. The unit of population is no longer the parish, but the electoral subdivision. We no longer bring up our children as our grandfathers did, but as child psychologists advise us to; and probably the children are a great deal better off.

In this world of 1950 there is almost nothing which is not the work of science, and the prestige of science is so great that almost nothing can succeed without it.

The only new Christian sect which has increased enormously (tenfold in Canada) since 1900 is the one that calls itself Christian Science. And the only non-Christian sect which has in the half-

century accumulated the full paraphernalia of sacred books, prophets, saints, and a hierarchy, and which now, by conversion and by conquest, has power over nearly one third of the earth's inhabitants is the one that calls itself Scientific Socialism: Communism.

All this was lying in wait in 1900. The Age of Science was beginning, but few people realized it, and those who did scarcely had the courage of their convictions. (Fred Bodsworth's article "1900: How Wrong Can You Be?" on page 8 shows how far the predictions of that day fell short of events.)

In 1900 Victoria was Queen. A civilized man was the usual creature consisting of one bulky cylinder balanced on two long thin cylinders. A civilized woman was a creature with a marked waist dividing a smoothly upholstered one-piece bosom from no legs at all.

Men wore semirigid cloth suits, consisting of jacket, vest, and trousers, with hard high collars, touched up with chalk, and hard high hats touched up with ink. A mustache was considered better evidence of virility than a large family, though there were more than five in the average family. Now there are fewer than four.

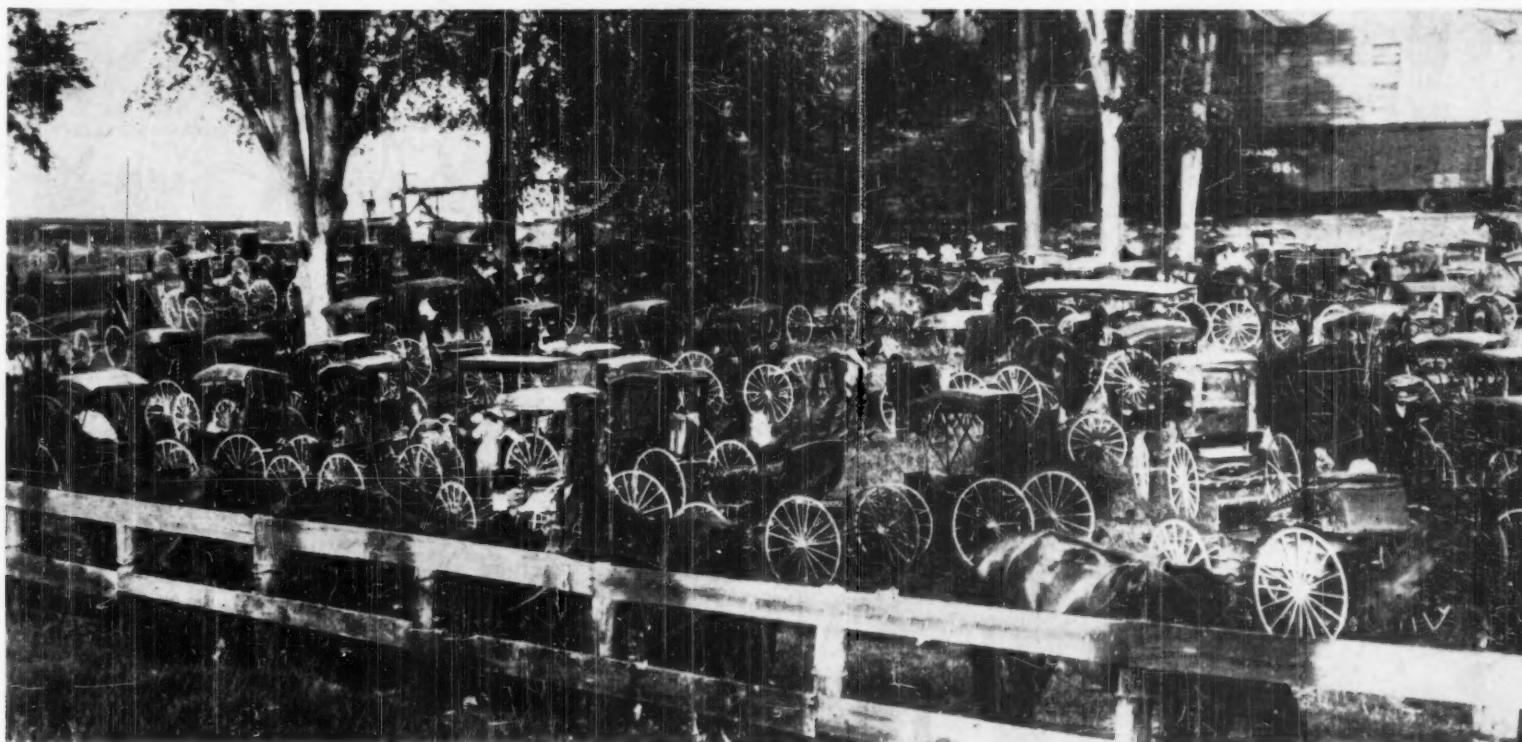
Women as a rule wore long flowing dresses, and long hair wound into neatly balanced structures topped by lavishly ornamented hats held in place by long hatpins, which were not infrequently used for committing murder. The favorite decoration

PHOTOS BY W. JAMES SENIOR



With the internal combustion engine came a revolution on wings and wheels. Here is J. A. D. McCurdy at Toronto take-off, 1910.

THE YEARS OF THE ATOM



Parking lot, 1910. Cars came and horses went, but by 2,000 AD maybe there won't be any oil left and we'll be brushing off the broughams again.

of these hats was either a small market garden or else a pair of wings sometimes dyed red at the roots to suggest that they were freshly ripped from the living bird.

In retrospect the world seems rather parochial in 1900, but we are being wise after the event. Then, nobody cared very much that 1900 was the year of a great rebellion in China. The last dregs of the incredibly corrupt Manchu Dynasty were still in power, but the rebellion was directed against foreign domination. Since the rebels waved a clenched fist it was called the Boxer Rising.

A Royal Appendix Came Out

IT WAS the beginning of the revolt of the East which has since led to the independence of India and other Asiatic countries, and to the virtual expulsion of Europeans from China, which will, no doubt, be complete in a few more years. And the symbol of the clenched fist has again become familiar in China, though in a different context.

But on the American continent there was probably more interest in the news that in 1900 four doctors had begun a campaign to wipe out yellow fever. People were beginning to take an interest in public health; recent discoveries in bacteriology had suggested ways to fight disease. The 19th century had discovered anaesthesia and asepsis; the notion of performing operations without letting any germs get near, as distinct from antiseptics in which the surgeon tried to do his work while peering blearily through reeking sprays of pungent disinfectant.

The great age of surgery began in 1900. King Edward VII was one of the first to have his appendix out, and survive. Even delicate brain operations (once referred to by doctors as "assassination") have now become much safer with the bloodless electric knife.

Also in 1900 Roentgen was studying X-rays, work for which he was awarded the first Nobel Prize in physics a year later. X-rays have brought tuberculosis from first of all causes of death in 1900 to seventh now; and X-rays have also helped tremendously the treatment of cancer (the only reason cancer deaths have increased is that more people are living to the cancer age). *Continued on page 47*



Oh, those good old days . . . But wait! Forty years ago \$10 was a good wage for 57 hours.

MID-CENTURY REVIEW



1900 — How Wrong Can You Be?

By FRED BODSWORTH

FIFTY YEARS AGO Prof. Simon Newcomb, U. S. astronomer and scientist, "proved" it was mathematically impossible to make a machine which would fly. He boldly declared, in McClure's magazine, "I cannot possibly conclude that the 20th century is to give us the airship . . . What use would it be?"

Newcomb's prediction was no more of a boner than many another like it made during the years of bustled skirts and bicycles-built-for-two. The world greeted the dawning 1900's with a spate of airy predictions about what the new century would bring. You'll find the forecasts in the files of such journals as *Saturday Night*, *Review of Reviews*, *Atlantic Monthly*, *Living Age* and *Contemporary Review*, and *Cosmopolitan*, garnished with the grandiose ads of the day ("corsets of grace and beauty," and "Dr Jones' Remedy, Science's Newest Cure For Every Human Ill").

Today the 20th century has reached middle age. How did the prophets make out? Not so good.

Forecasts of scientific and mechanical things-to-come fell far short of the mark. (Even far-seeing H. G. Wells, writing in 1901, had us still fighting wars from bicycles and aerial balloons by 1950.)

Forecasts of social bliss were far too rosy. The predicted World State, the 20th-century kingdom-of-heaven-on-earth, is not much nearer now than it was 50 years ago.

Scientifically, then, the half century has far outstripped the hopes of the prophets; socially, it has let them down miserably.

In the late 90's, inventor Thomas A. Edison was proclaiming, "The horse is doomed!" But the majority regarded the horseless carriage as a costly and unreliable nuisance.

Said Bookman Magazine of New York in 1901: "Bicycles and automobiles are fads . . . The horse is not merely a means of locomotion but a companion which is alive and intelligent . . . The bicycle and automobile will soon disappear, but the love of the horse will never die out of the human heart."

Outing Magazine, another New Yorker, saw another reason why the "engine-car" could never be widely used. "The engine-car needs a smooth hard road. At \$4,000 per mile, it would cost \$1 billion to improve even a small percentage of U. S. roads. How shall such a problem be overcome?"

But by 1902 Outing Magazine was worrying about speed: "The autoist forgets the precautions he owes himself as well as others in speeds of 25 miles per hour and even more . . . (But) As automobiles increase the novelty will wear off and a saner speed will prevail."

Edinburgh Review was nearer the mark: "The great demand which there will be for horseless carriages may develop a 20th-century industry quite as important as the cycle trade."

World's Work Magazine, London, was enthusiastic. "I am convinced that 10 years hence there will not be a horse left on the streets of London or New York," its editor said in 1903. "The gas car has a great age before it, but before the 20th century is very much older the problem of storing electrical energy in cheap, light-weight accumulators will be solved, and then the electric car will transfigure once more the application of power."

A few years later when Henry Ford began to plan mass production of his Model T a Detroit newspaper prophesied, "If Ford tries that he will be

Continued on page 42

Machines that fly? Impossible, said the sages of 50 years ago. They even thought we would be smart enough to outlaw wars

THE PROPHETS

1950 — Brave New Wacky World

By JOHN LARGO

CARTOONS BY NORRIS

NOW THAT 1950's here I find myself brooding about what the next 50 years will do to humanity, and me. After all, this century isn't getting any younger. It's 50, just about the halfway mark for centuries. A situation like this usually calls for taking stock, but I certainly don't want to take any more stock. (I already have some I can't sell.) What I want to know is, what's ahead?

It so happens that we Largos are descended from a long line of Highland Scottish ancestors. Second sight, or *taibhsearachd* (rhymes with *piobaireachd*) is rife, indeed rampant, among us. In every generation of Largos there's always a baker's dozen of *frosachin* or—if your Gaelic is a little rusty—"those who know."

Don't ask me how we know, we just know, that's all. Of course, a crystal ball or the equivalent is handy. Personally I find an old light bulb is as good as anything, and probably better than most. So I dug it out, rubbed up the glass a bit with a piece of sandpaper, and began peering. Here, just hitting the highlights, are a few items you really should know about.

Let's get 1950 out of the way to begin with. In April, just after Detroit takes the Stanley Cup away from the Maple Leaves (a Toronto hockey team), radio fees will be eliminated in Canada. (The next logical step, eliminating radio, won't take place till 1961. Sorry.) The only result of dropping radio fees will be that people will bring their aerials out of their attics and put them up outside. The CBC will announce in December that even if it gets a loan from the Government television will still be 18 months away.

Otherwise, 1950 will be pretty much the same as 1949 (which was last year). The French Cabinet will reshuffle itself seven times, British Labor will be re-elected with Cripps telling the people to eat less, Marshal Tito will accuse Stalin of being an imperialistic Fascist warmonger, Montreal will clean out the *barbotte* games, while the new Toronto subway will be two feet nearer completion. Somebody will suggest that a bridge be thrown across the Strait of Canso, while out in B. C. the salmon will run—and I for one don't blame them.

The St. Lawrence Seaway project will be reopened, considered, then deferred for a short time. The Russians will set off an atomic bomb in Siberia just for pure hellery, while in Medicine Hat, Alta., a J. B. Sluggins will cut off his wife's head with an axe. "I was just testing the edge," he will say. "I didn't think it was that sharp."

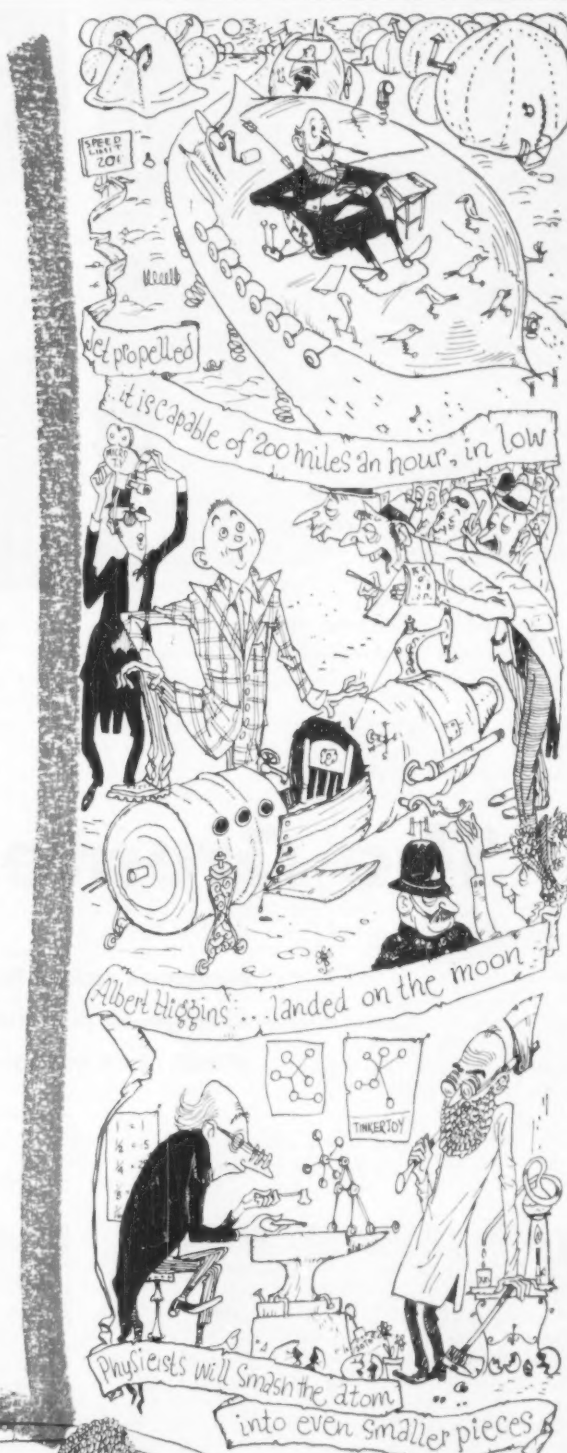
In this same upcoming year 14 U. S. radio comedians will begin 1,243 jokes with: "It isn't foggy in Los Angeles, but—"; in the same country 1 million television sets will be sold to the unwary (5,407 will be sold in Canada).

The new 1951 automobiles will be longer, lower and higher-priced. The annual Pas Dog Derby will be won by a dog team, and a girl will be chosen Miss Canada. (She will lose out at Atlantic City.)

The country's population, now about 13 millions, will—owing to immigration, emigration, births, deaths and sheer exhaustion—increase to about 13 millions.

"The 20 century," an Ottawa fellow will say, "belongs to Canada." *Continued on page 40*

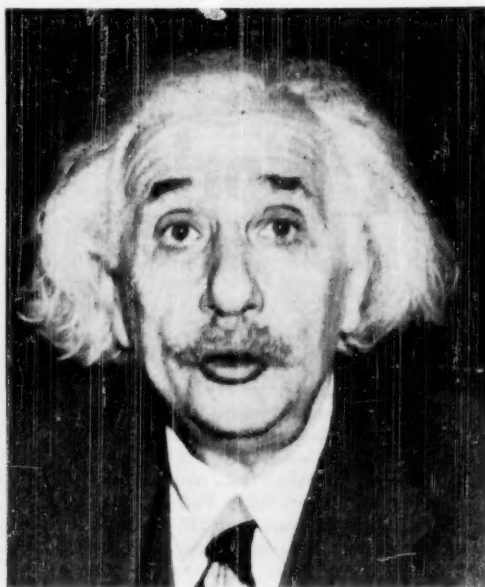
Fretting about the future? Climb out on a limb with Largo, the poor man's Nostradamus. You'll risk nothing but your reason



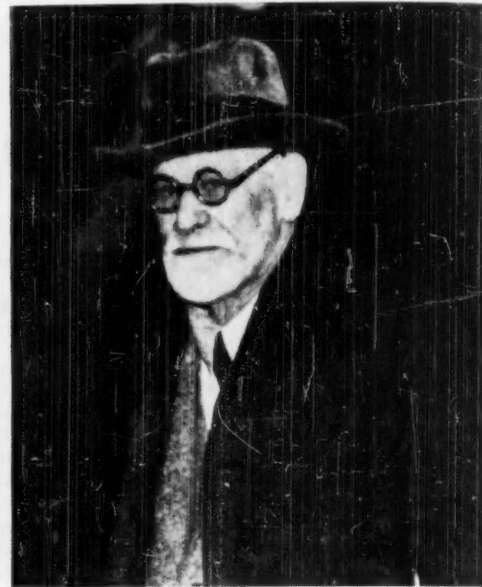
MID-CENTURY REVIEW



1 Gandhi. He's "the man who most resembles Christ in the last 2,000 years."



2 Albert Einstein. "In an age poor in thinkers, Einstein is the greatest."



3 Freud's pioneering inside man's mind changed the thinking of the century.

The Greatest Ten Of Our Time

Maclean's asked Robert M. Hutchins, Chancellor of the University of Chicago, to pick the history makers of the half-century. He chose his greats in an exclusive interview with Assistant Editor Leslie F. Hannon

SPEEDING along the Michigan shore in a chauffeured limousine from downtown to the University of Chicago campus, 50-year-old Chancellor Robert Hutchins, handsome and detached, decided on the final choice for his 10 greatest people of the first 50 years of the 20th century. Here's his list:

1. Mahatma Gandhi
2. Albert Einstein
3. Sigmund Freud
4. Albert Schweitzer
5. Eleanor Roosevelt
6. Winston Churchill
7. Vladimir Lenin
8. Franklin D. Roosevelt
9. Sun Yat-sen
10. Henry Ford

It had been a busy day for me, a much busier day for Hutchins. When I met him in the discreet offices of the Encyclopaedia Britannica (he is chairman of the board of editors) he ducked from under a storm of phone calls and told me that he didn't make a habit of this sort of thing.

He didn't think he had any special ability at judging greatness; he couldn't hope to know enough about, say, the arts to decide if Shostakovich was scoring in immortal ink, or if Picasso

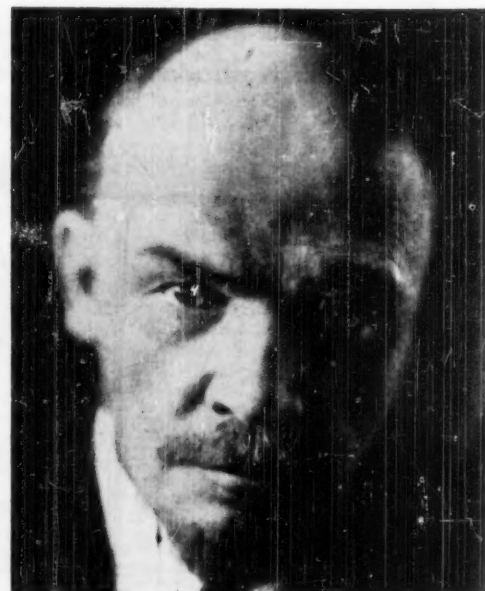
would hang in the hall of fame. And he certainly was far too busy to go into the crystal ball business.

As if in confirmation the many-buttoned telephone on his tidy desk buzzed dully. His personal secretaries at the Britannica and at the 9,000-student University of Chicago south on the lake shore were screening out all calls they could handle. But this was New York. The subject (to an unwilling but interested eavesdropper): world government. That tidied up, Hutchins booked two separate calls to New York himself.

I had told Hutchins a fortnight earlier about this Maclean's mid-century review and something of the role we hoped he would play. He said he had been thinking it over, still doubted if we had the right man.

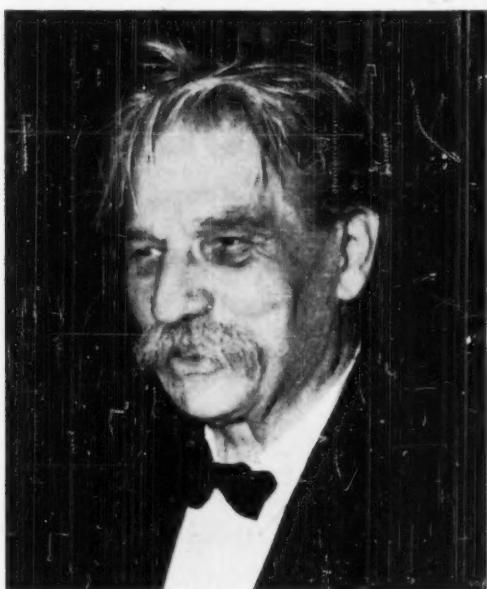
So I told him flatly that we had decided to approach him because, among other things, he had no narrow axe to grind. The other qualities included his forthright, straight-from-the-shoulder approach to the problems of our times, his known belief in ideas rather than mere facts, his international reputation as an educator, speaker and author, his secure belief in intellectual freedom, his fundamental faith in humanity.

When you say something that you really mean, even if it's praise, it doesn't come out as flattery. Hutchins pulled out a pack of Fatimas, told me



7 Lenin led Russia to a new order. His weight of influence ensures greatness.

THE HISTORY MAKERS



4 Schweitzer — musician, doctor and man of God — "a truly great man."



5 Eleanor Roosevelt. Hope and encouragement to women all over the world.



6 Churchill has the flamboyance sometimes needed for a place in history.

to relax, leaned his greying head far back in his big chair. "Shoot," he said.

The first thing was to find out what sort of greatness we were talking about. It was obvious we didn't want to catalogue the greatest gangsters ("Al Capone," Hutchins grimaced, glancing through his 11th-floor windows toward The Loop), or the greatest name in Hollywood ("Rita Hayworth?"), or the most vicious of the dictators. No. Greatness was something else again, something in a man or woman that needed the label "great" and no further qualification. Then, talking slowly through careful, sculptured spirals of smoke, he hit it.

If a man was great, the chancellor said, it was because he possessed a magnification of the capacity for achievement that was in every man. Chances were that he had similar capacities for good and evil, even though he might not exercise both. True greatness must rest on the depth of a man's influence, the effect of that influence in changing our thoughts and lives.

And that's the yardstick he used in sorting out

his greatest ten. The field was limited to those men or women who reached the peak of their fame in the half-century just ended. Some others who stood a chance (Tolstoy and Twain were among Hutchins' favorites) lived over in this century but hit their peaks earlier. Of the 10 chosen, six are now dead; of the others, Einstein is 70, Schweitzer is 74, Eleanor Roosevelt is 65, Churchill is 75.

Hutchins ranged the globe for his choices. Three Americans made his team; the rest of the squad consists of (one each) Briton, Russian, Chinese, Indian, German, Austrian, Frenchman.

No political or personal considerations swayed Hutchins' decisions. The phone buzzed urgently just as he started telling me something about the Roosevelts. An emotion-charged mid-European voice leaped from the phone, the bruised consonants ricocheting around the desk fittings. I looked out the window at the silently hooting Yellow cabs.

The chancellor held the phone a foot from his ear, neatly slipping a polite "Yes?" into lulls in the barrage. He neatly negotiated a truce, laid the phone down gently, turned to me and adroitly

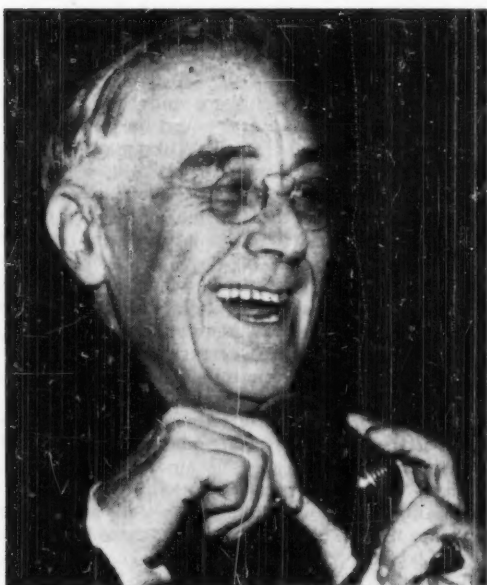
sewed up the half-sentence he had left hanging in the air.

He did not like Franklin D. Roosevelt personally ("I voted for him because there was no one else to vote for"), but he likes Eleanor a little better. He thinks Freud was dead wrong in some of his thinking.

Professor of Law Hutchins (he is LL.B., LL.D.) knows as well as anybody that history alone can bring down the final verdict on a man's greatness. But when pressed about which of his choices he would nominate for places among the immortals, he said:

"Just three. Gandhi, Lenin and Sun Yat-sen. It's likely that history students in 2950 will recognize the tremendous influence wielded by these three. Between them they caused an upheaval in the lives of the majority of the people of the 20th century. In India, Continued on page 46

PHOTOS BY WIDE WORLD,
ACME, PRESS ASSOCIATION



8 Franklin Roosevelt is far down the list — Hutchins suspects he enjoyed power.



9 Sun Yat-sen liberated China, "changed the shape of the world for all time."



10 Henry Ford. In a Detroit garage he quietly launched his own revolution.

MID-CENTURY REVIEW



NICKELODEON TO TELEVISION

Before you sigh for the good old days think of those Swiss bell ringers. Seldes thinks movies and radio have improved entertainment

By GILBERT SELDES

WHEN the sentimental fog is lifted and the entertainments of the early years of the present century are clearly remembered they seem to have a certain innocent charm. But the Swiss bell ringer on the Chatauqua circuit, the acrobats in vaudeville, the dreadfully polite English comedy and the heavy-handed musical comedy, the shoddy productions of the old ten-twenty-thirt' melodrama and the revivals of "The Count of Monte Cristo," add up to a singularly undistinguished era.

Yet those who deplore what mass-produced movies and radio have done to popular taste are wide of the mark. Compared to the entertainments they supplanted they are on fairly solid ground. It wasn't until after the movies came in that the English-speaking theatre in North America began to be steadily intelligent. You can even put a date on it, the 3rd of March, 1915, when "The Birth of a Nation" opened in New York (in a theatre, not a movie house, and at legitimate theatre prices).

With the Bad, so Much Good

NOTICE was served there and then that the drama could no longer count on those people who habitually went to the theatre supporting plays good, bad and indifferent.

From that time they began to discriminate, and the history of the theatre, melancholy in terms of real estate, has been more admirable in quality ever since.

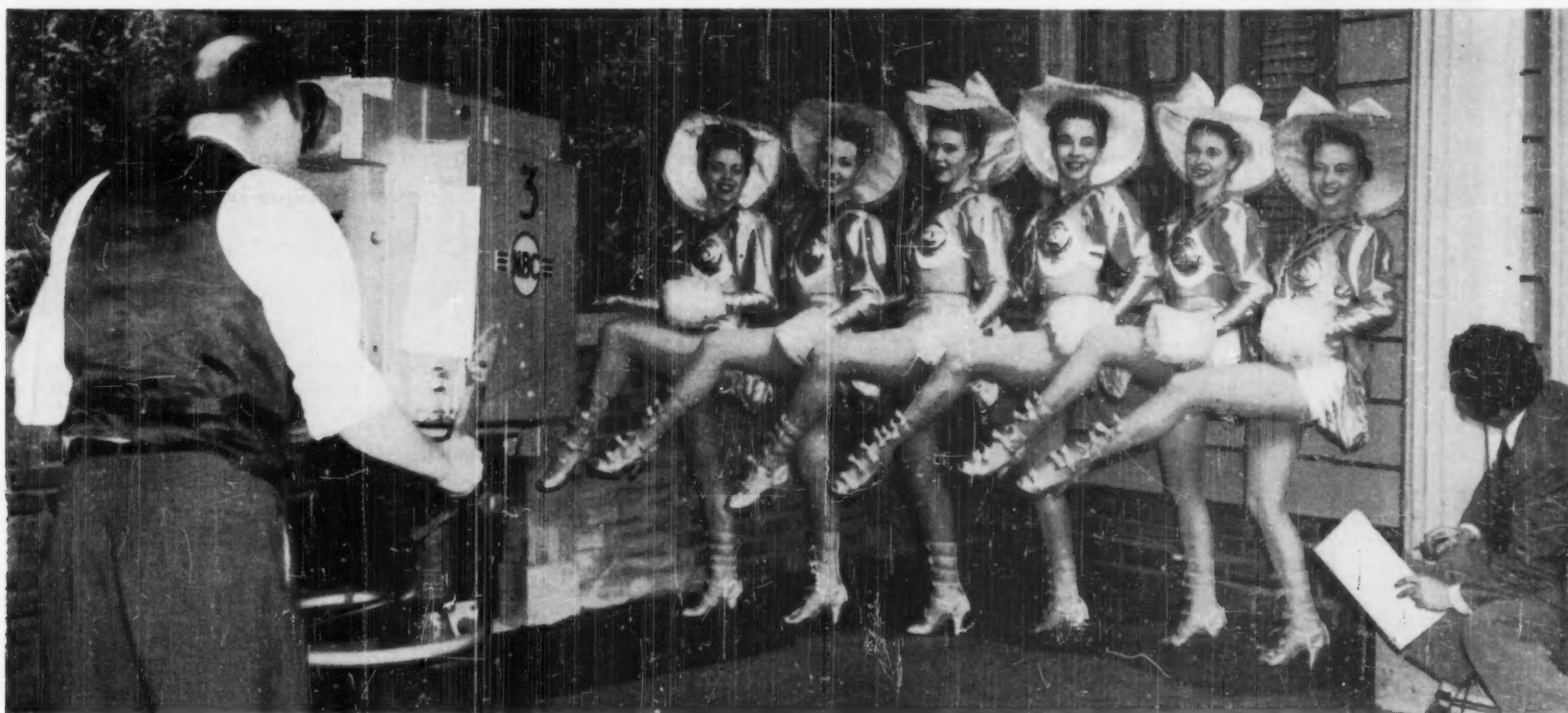
The same thing happened when mechanically propagated broadcasting brought symphonic music on the air. The amusement park band playing the "Poet and Peasant Overture" began to disappear and a number of metropolitan orchestras were able to flourish with the help of radio.

In the area of the printed word the circulation of good fiction and, to a remarkable degree, of good nonfiction has gone up since the mass production of trash became common.

The question without an answer, so far, is whether in each of these fields the flow of third-rate

Canadian Gene Lockhart in "Death of a Salesman."

THE ENTERTAINMENTS



Television takes over the job of "glorifying the American girl." Seldes thinks TV could absorb virtually all other entertainment.

shoddy goods is an essential part of the creation of the first rate.

Although I am constitutionally allergic to rigid formulas I propose, for practical purposes, a highly simplified diagram of what has happened in the popular arts during the past half century:

Mechanized labor produced leisure

Mechanized entertainment was created to occupy that leisure.

It is neat, perhaps too pat; but it explains many things.

In 1922 John Barrymore played "Hamlet" in New York City. According to a contemporary report he played it 101 times to break the record for consecutive performances, then stopped. In 1949 the motion picture version of "Hamlet," with Sir Laurence Olivier, was well into its second year at a New York house and had also played in many other cities of the United States and Canada, in England where it was produced, and elsewhere.

This is not a vulgarization of Shakespeare; the film production was as highly praised as Barrymore's had been. So the triumph of the machine was unreserved—a good thing had been distributed ten thousandfold. Before the picture is withdrawn it will be seen in small towns, perhaps in remote villages, and, as in all machine products, the quality will be identical.

This limitless circulation of an entertainment, identical in quality whether the patron paid 50 cents or \$2 to see it, is a fairly new thing and refers back to the first half of the diagrammatic scheme above—for the leisure created by the machine was universal, not the exclusive leisure of the few.

When only a few had spare time, when those few were the rich and well-born and highly educated, the chamber music quartet could flourish. But apparently nothing less than a machine stamping out phonograph records, or the reduplication of film, or the creation of radio programs for every hour of the day and night could be sufficient to satisfy the entertainment needs of hundreds of millions of people. The machine had created a vacuum and the machine product was rushed in to fill it.

This, again, is a new thing. In spite of road shows and local stock

Continued on page 44

BIGGEST MONEYMAKERS OF ALL TIME

HERE'S Variety's list of the 10 highest grossers in movie history. These box-office figures are given in millions:

"Gone With the Wind"\$22

"Best Years of Our Lives" .. 10.2

"Duel in the Sun" 8.7

"This Is the Army" 8.5

"Jolson Story" 8

"Bells of St. Mary's" 8

"Going My Way" 6.5

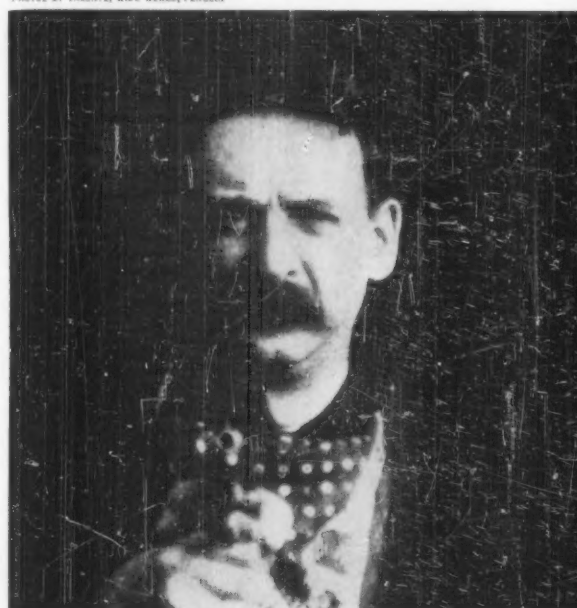
"For Whom the Bell Tolls" 6.3

"Welcome Stranger" 6.1

"Snow White" 6

"The Birth of a Nation" (1915) would be on this list if the records of its earnings had not been lost. It grossed somewhere from \$20 millions to \$50 millions.

PHOTOS BY VALENTE, WIDE WORLD, PENGUIN



Movie landmark, 1903: "The Great Train Robbery."

The pivot for radio. Amos 'n' Andy back in 1928.



Mr. and Mrs. Ali Baba

Marriage with Jerry was nice in a desperate sort of way.
But why oh why did he take up this crazy antique business?

ILLUSTRATED BY W. BOOK

By TRAVIS INGHAM

JEAN LANE lay on the lawn, basking in the hot July sunshine, surrounded by an approving coterie of small domestic animals. In her shorts and boy's shirt she far more resembled a young girl than the mother of ten-year-old twins and a wife of twelve years' standing. Her emotions, however, were both maternal and adult, as she enjoyed the peculiarly feminine satisfaction of a wife who has finally persuaded her husband to perform a distasteful and much postponed task.

Ever since they moved into this old brick farmhouse in the hills, she had been at Jerry to clean out the shed for a garage. For three years he had promised and for three years the flotsam and jetsam of their own living had accumulated on top of a century of their predecessors', cramming the building to the eaves.

This morning, however—aided by the fact that Jerry had exhausted all possible excuses, and that his job had folded and he was feeling penitent—Jean had prevailed. Two hours ago the station wagon had departed for the town dump and now familiar sounds of distress heralded its return.

As befitted the magnanimous victor, Jean arose from her cushions and advanced to the edge of the lawn, ready to bestow praise where praise was due. But something about the labored approach of the ancient vehicle gave her pause and as the car rounded into the drive, preceded by a great plume of steam, her puzzled expression changed to one of dismay.

"Why, he's brought it all back again!" she cried, her eye checking off the horsehair sofa, the broken chair, the domestic ruin she had fervently hoped never to see again. "More, too!" Stepping into the drive, she held up a small uncompromising hand.

"Stop right there, Jerry Lane!"

Obediently he applied the brakes. His blue eyes managed a look of disarming innocence as he enquired: "Something wrong, dear?"

"Everything in that truck is wrong," she replied with vigor, "including you, if you think you're going to bring that rubble back here. Take it away, at once."

Jerry shut off the motor, disengaged his long legs and slid out of the car. His shoes were snowy with ashes, his round good-natured face covered with dirt.

"May I explain, darling?" he asked.

"Can you?"

"Easily, if you'll listen."

"I suppose the dump was closed, for the first time in history?"

"On the contrary, the dump was and is open to the birds, the bees, and the man of vision. Seriously, Jean, there's a fortune there, just for the taking. It's positively fantastic the valuable things people throw away." He reached a long arm into the truck and brought forth a chair which appeared to have suffered a major amputation. "This for instance," he said.

Jean studied the relic carefully. "When I was nursing, we called that a basket case—no arms, no legs."

"Sure, right now. But with new arms, rungs, rockers and a stencil? An antique rocker, worth thirty-five, forty bucks."

One of the boys had been burrowing around in the clutter and now emerged clutching a battered bird cage to his breast. At the sight of this object Jean tried to rally. "Now look, Jerry," she said, "at the moment we're trying to support the four of us plus three cats, two dogs, eight white mice and a school of goldfish and turtles—not to mention rabbits, baby woodchucks and an occasional garter snake in season. I positively draw the line on canaries."

"Me, too, darling," said Jerry agreeably. "But haven't you heard? Bird cages are the very latest thing for ivy. It adds up to the fact that I have stumbled on a way of making a living that's a natural for our setup here."

"The junk business, perhaps?"

"Antiques."

With that the right rear tire of the station wagon blew out.

"Period. New sentence," said a dazed Jean. "Now I have seen everything."

THE REMARK, after a dozen years of Life With Jerry, could hardly be called an exaggeration. The projects on which he had embarked in hope, the jobs he had briefly held were many and varied. Endowed with humor and personality, he had many talents—too many perhaps. He could draw, he could paint, he could write and all these things he had tried, not only free lance but in the business world, for a while. Never quite long enough, never quite hard enough to gain a real success and the assurance that *this* was what he should do for the rest of his life . . .

"It isn't his fault," Jean told herself often. "Not entirely, it isn't."

There was truth as well as loyalty in this. Out of poverty Jerry's father had risen to wealth with the desire to give his only son all the things he hadn't had. He had done all right, too, until the Crash had set him back on his heels and pushed Jerry out into the competitive world, jack of a number of artistic trades, master of none.

Nevertheless he had tried, until the death of his father and the acquisition of a small inheritance had given them a chance to get away from the city, to buy and remodel this place with an idea of taking in summer and winter vacationists.

Jerry's timing, it seemed, was always bad. The war had come along, forestalling that plan and landing him in a local defense factory. The manager, a personal friend, had kept Jerry on after reconversion far longer than he should have. Now that was over and Jean was not sorry. They had their health, they had the twins; after twelve years of married life they were still in love. They would manage somehow.

But antiques, a luxury trade, with the brief country season already

Continued on page 26

"What's the man want under there?" Aunt Maria enquired.





Book...

LONDON LETTER



The Wrights put an engine in a kite, and men flew. Now they're aiming at the moon.

At Least, Life Won't Be Dull

By BEVERLEY BAXTER

WHEN the church bells rang out in Toronto on New Year's Eve 1899 I was somewhat puzzled when my uncle Charlie assured the family gathering at our house that the 20th century would belong to Canada. As I was nine years old at the time I did not argue with him but I was very glad that Canada was to have it, whatever it was.

Three years before I had been presented with a bronze medal, not for scholarship or good conduct or even regular attendance, but because it was the Diamond Jubilee of Good Queen Victoria. She was our gracious Queen who lived in Buckingham Palace and would see that no harm came to her subjects across the seas. I did not imagine then that in 1949 I would find people in London, Ont., arguing against the City Corporation accepting the statue of the Little Queen which had first been uprooted in Dublin and then offered for nothing by the Prime Minister of the Irish Republic. But then in 1899 we had never heard of Displaced Persons.

The 19th century had been a period of immense upheaval and social change. The railway had superseded the stage coach, gas and electricity had forced their way to the front, the harnessing of steam had given birth to the new industrial era, and the innocent bicycle had established itself as the servant of the adventurous and the joy of courting couples.

But as the bells rang out the 19th century and rang in the 20th the people on this planet heaved a sigh of thankfulness that the era of change had come to an end. The pattern of life was quite clear and we could see it stretching unaltered into the decades ahead. It is true that in the very year 1900 itself a couple of crazy American brothers named Wright actually flew in a glider—but what of that? Anyone watching the children in the park knew a kite could stay in the air, but who wanted to travel in a kite?

A few quarrelsome, argumentative creatures reminded the

Continued on page 39

BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA

The Not-So-Jolly Millers

By THE MAN WITH A NOTEBOOK

ON THE last day of the old year Fred McGregor walks out of his office at the Combines Investigation Commission with one real regret.

In the last big fight of his career, over the flour milling report, all attention has been focused on whether Hon. Stuart Garson, the Minister of Justice, broke the law in sitting on the report for 10 months. Whether the flour millers broke the law—in McGregor's eyes, the really important question—has been forgotten. The millers, whom McGregor had cast as the villains of the piece, were reduced to a walk-on part as innocent bystanders.

Whatever the final verdict may be, there are some odd facts buried in the fine print of the McGregor report. Donald Gordon, former chief of the Prices Board, and Rt. Hon. C. D. Howe, the Minister of Trade and Commerce, say the millers operated with the full sanction of the Wartime Prices and Trade Board. If so, why did they take such extraordinary care to cover their tracks?

Why did they bother keeping a double set of minutes? In the eastern wing of their association the official minutes contain no reference to price agreements. A series of confidential memoranda, some of them marked "For executive representatives only," tell a very different story of the same meetings. They recorded very detailed price-fixing agreements from 1938 to 1947 inclusive.

In the western group the minutes were complete—but the secretary of the association destroyed them before the McGregor enquiry got to him. They had to be reassembled by means of odd copies found in various members' files. Asked why he had destroyed the minutes at that particular moment, the secretary replied that he was getting rather

short of space for filing in his office.

The memoranda recorded an interesting method of submitting tenders to Mr. Howe's own department. In May 1943,

according to one of the letters McGregor quotes, the purchasing agent for the Department of Munitions and Supply made a fuss about the method of tendering for Government flour orders. He insisted on having bids from three mills, not just one; "otherwise he will take the matter up with the Wartime Prices and Trade Board."

An answering letter records that this problem was taken care of. Three mills tendered—but they quoted three prearranged prices. The mill whose turn it was to get the business would quote \$4.64 a barrel, the list price. Another mill would quote \$4.74, a third \$4.84, the mill with the "low bid" would get the order.

"After things get properly started," said the chairman of the millers' Maritime Sales Managers Committee, "I will quote a high price for the mills that have already received an order, and the one that is next in line will be quoted at \$4.64."

He went on to mention a recent order which had been offered to four firms in turn before one was found which could supply it. "I would like to have taken this order for St. Lawrence (Flour Mills Ltd.) as the flour was on hand, but this firm is at the bottom of the list."

Another flour company official, writing to explain this tendering system to a western colleague, said: "One designated party represents all the mills and places all the tenders for flour required by the Department of Munitions and Supply. We have a minimum basic price, and this party so juggles the price on each tender

Continued on page 48



Cartoon by Grassick

The association said it was getting short of filing space.

The police found her, smoking gun in hand, a corpse before her. But Antoine Rivard saved her life with a 58-word plea

By FRANK HAMILTON

THE INCOME from a criminal practice," Antoine Rivard remarked recently, "is very uncertain. Many clients can pay nothing, so we try to make the rich pay for the poor. But a murder case is never a paying proposition. The money invariably runs out before the case is finished. An appeal can cost \$1,000 a week or more, exclusive of the lawyer's fee. In many cases, I've had to foot the bill myself.

"But the rewards are publicity and prestige and for that reason a criminal lawyer must keep in the limelight at every assizes. Since I began practicing I have always had at least one capital case at every assizes."

For *Maitre Rivard* 39 murder cases have more than paid off. Quebec's best known, most successful criminal lawyer, he is also No. 2 man in the Duplessis Government. He owns two massive 11-room homes, one a baronial-looking place with brass-studded oak doors in Quebec City, the other on a country estate at Rivière Du Loup. He can afford to smoke two packs of filter-tipped Du Maurier cigarettes and a handful of Havana cigars a day. His gold-and-diamond cuff links and his wardrobe of three dozen hand-tailored suits are as much a part of his trademark as his dumpy, 5-foot 5-inch figure.

This Murder Was Admitted

RIVARD'S 8,000-case record runs the gamut from civil cases (including long historical disputes over the legality of a property deal made 300 years ago) to criminal cases from armed robbery, safecracking and bootlegging, to mass murder and espionage.

There are those who regard Rivard as a sinister figure, a backstairs intriguer; others who consider him a brilliant lawyer and an astute politician. (When one admirer referred to him as "that fabulous mouthpiece," the Opposition immediately shortened it to "that fabulous mouth.") But he has never deserted the credo that a criminal lawyer must keep in the limelight.

In his 26 years of practice he has always succeeded in handling cases in which the dramatic element was present. One of these was the Lamothe case—the "Case of the Seduced Servant"—which filled the newspaper headlines in the autumn of 1936. It was a particularly difficult case and Rivard won it in a particularly dramatic way.

A 17-year-old girl, the daughter of a Provincial Police official named Lamothe, had been shot to death in her bed. Rivard's client was the Lamothe's maid who when arrested had been standing over the murdered girl's body with a smoking gun in her hand. She admitted to the police that she had fired four shots into the sleeping girl.

She was a poorly educated country girl of 19 who had come from the farm to Quebec City to work as a servant girl in the Lamothe house. Lamothe, it was admitted by all concerned, had seduced her and had then tried to break off the relationship.

As Rivard imaginatively put it to the jury, "This poor, ignorant country girl was seduced by her master and then tossed casually aside like



As Duplessis' likely successor, orator Rivard wins farmers' votes in morning pants.

The Case of The Seduced Servant

an empty beer bottle, and left alone with her dishonor."

For three days the little defense lawyer waged an eloquently tear-wringing battle. But no one knew better than he that his whole defense was based on sentiment and not on law. He had not even attempted to deny that his client had shot and killed her employer's daughter. In fact, he had even put her on the stand and had had her admit it, a move that had stunned the court.

It was, Rivard told the jury, the old story of hell having no fury like a woman scorned—with a new twist. His client, he admitted, had a "righteous temper," was jealous of her virtue and her virginity, and was narrow-minded because that was the way she had been educated.

With passionate words he painted the picture of the young girl seduced by a man more than twice

her age, a man who had a daughter of his own around the same age, a man who was a provincial policeman and sworn to uphold the law.

"Devoutly religious, this violated virgin was racked with shame, haunted with fear, obsessed with hate," Rivard explained.

In a long and passionate elaboration in which he argued that "this is not a man's crime, it is a woman's passion," Rivard argued that "this little country girl shot the daughter of the beast who had seduced her—shot not to kill, but to hurt, and in hurting the daughter, revenge herself upon Lamothe who had so grievously wronged her." It was not the daughter that the accused saw when she pulled the trigger, Rivard insisted, but Lamothe himself.

Rivard's reconstruction of the case moved the entire courtroom. Even the Hon. Mr. Justice Lucien Cannon, a former

Continued on page 37

Concluding the Story of Antoine Rivard, Criminal Lawyer

Going Steady's Strictly Business

By ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN

THE SCENE is a Friday night teen-age dance in a Toronto suburb. The couple are a husky, crew-cut boy in loafers, windbreaker and worn tweed slacks (many dances forbid violently colored superdraped strides), and a pretty brunette in skirt, pullover and ballerinas. They are going steady.

They do the Balmy (a slow, rhythmic stalking of one another at close quarters) to a student-operated record player, heads touching, a gone look in their eyes. At 11.30 the operator puts on a juicy chorus of "Stardust," the lights are dimmed, the couple hold one another a bit tighter, and the dance is over.

The boy has his old man's car. Maybe the girl asks him into her home. Maybe they park somewhere. We'll leave them.

To what? Romantic sighs? Tender glances? The whispered vows and promises of young love?

Don't be a square. You haven't left a young couple in love. You've left a corporation.

Going steady doesn't mean what it did when I went to high school. Four months ago that boy figured out in dollars and cents that it was cheaper to have a steady than to play the field. The girl, although at first she talked herself into believing it was a red-hot romance and went around walking on air sighing to her girl friends "This is it," has cooled off but has decided to keep her steady (a) to provide an economical form of date insurance, (b) to boost her stock with her friends.

Before the war going steady was a relationship arising spontaneously when a young couple became so fond of one another that they stopped going out with anyone else. They were either in love or thought they were. They had ideas about

getting married. Often the whole thing was a mistake. It was always an honest one.

Today, going steady is a fad. The kids turn it on and off like a tap. The thing is to go steady. The romance comes after, and usually lasts for a couple of weeks. After that there are no illusions. They are not in love. They don't think they're in love. They don't intend to get married. They don't even intend to go steady long. The whole thing is carried on with the romantic frenzy of a loan on your insurance.

It's Simply the Thing To Do

THERE ARE even seasons for it. "They don't start going steady for another month," I was told by a rangy, bored-looking youth at Toronto's Lawrence Park Collegiate, exactly the way you would refer to the new cars or the opening of the trout season.

Few teen-agers go steady longer than a school year. They pair off before Christmas and usually break up during the following summer. The reason: the temptations of summer resorts.

"They usually write and say it's over," said a rueful girl member of a teen-age council. "Those summer dances are dynamite."

Mates are chosen with the boys like careers, a deal suggested in flat terms.

"I just liked her," a 16-year-old football centre said reflectively. "She's a good dancer, and doesn't get too serious. So one night after a dance I said: 'How about going steady?' and—bang! —we've been going steady ever since (six months)."

Even the word "steady" has taken on a new

character in many centres. It used to have certain dime-store overtones, jarring on the ears of more sophisticated types. Now, although the term is occasionally alternated with O.A.O. (One and only), teen-agers use it in dead-pan earnest, in discussions, debates and editorials in high-school publications.

Not all teen-agers believe in going steady, although dissenters accept it as serious business much as bachelors accept the idea of marriage. Others get genuine crushes, go together three or four years and get married. But more and more young people are going steady because it's the thing to do, and the custom is becoming increasingly popular, reaching its peak in large industrial centres such as Toronto, but rapidly spreading to small communities.

In some high schools the proportion of students going steady has reached an estimated 60%. It has become the hottest issue among teen-agers today, and has spread to public schools where steadies are appearing in the 7th and 8th grades.

It has split the teen-age population into well-defined rival camps, attracting the notice of school officials and causing such concern among many parents that those whose daughters have chosen steadies with no outright criminal instincts are counting their blessings.

One father, a retired real-estate agent, told me that his daughter had started to go steady with a lad who, at 18, had revealed only one ambition in life—to own a motorcycle.

After describing eloquently the boy's general apathy to thought or work, the girl's father said: "But he's clean, considerate and honest. If Joan

PHOTOS BY KEN BELL



Wearing your steady's jacket is routine. And the bigger the better.



But they're still naturally modest. Often there's no kiss to a first date.

Gone are the swooning swains of yesteryear. Our teen-agers now "go steady" in a fad with few illusions and less love

must go steady, the way they go steady today, he's as good as any. I'm willing to give him my daughter's hand," he added, "just so long as I know I'm going to get it back."

Going steady starts simply by a boy and a girl being attracted to one another enough to go out three or four times in a row. This in itself, however, is not going steady, even though it goes on for considerable time. There's a fine distinction.

When I talked to a group at Toronto's Balmy Beach Canoe Club, one 17-year-old boy who had confined his dating for three months to a girl in his class, vehemently denied his pals' charges that he was going steady with her.

"I haven't asked her," he told them.

As material for steadies football players are still blue-ribbon specials, ranging down through basketball players, hockey players, track men, and ending up with the thinkers, squares, grinds or scholars. Members of student athletic associations and student councils rate over debating societies, choirs and other stuffy bodies.

Although, outwardly, going steady is elaborately casual, it is as ritualistic as a tribal dance. A typical case is that of Beth Merrit, a 4th-form student at Mimico High School, a dark-eyed pretty youngster given to extravagant expressions of approval and disapproval, who moves with a graceful energy that would have anyone over 35 visiting an osteopath.

Jerry, her steady, is a lanky, casual, good-looking, 17-year-old boy from the same school.

They first went out together when Jerry dated her for a school "At Home," followed by two or more evenings at

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Football players rate tops as steadies, grinds (scholars) are a sad last. Kids stay home when broke.



Ladies first? Come now, don't be a square.



Evenings between dates it's marathon phoning.



The "Balmy" is teen-agers' latest dance craze.



I'll Not Ask for Wine

Among the caged flowers and the golden fruits she waited
for her new love with an alien song in her Martian heart

ILLUSTRATED BY DON ANDERSON

By RAY BRADBURY

THEY HAD a house of crystal pillars by the edge of the empty sea, and every morning you could see Mrs. K eating the golden fruits that grew from the crystal walls, or cleaning the house with handfuls of magnetic dust which, taking all dirt with it, blew away on the hot wind.

In the afternoon, when the fossil sea was warm and motionless, and the wine trees were stiff and silent in the yard, and the little distant Martian bone town was all enclosed and no one drifted out their doors, you could see Mr. K himself, seated in his room reading from a metal book with raised hieroglyphs over which he brushed his fingers, as one might play a harp. And from the book, as his fingers stroked, a voice sang, a soft ancient voice, which told tales of when the sea was red steam on the shore and ancient men had carried clouds of metal insects and electric spiders into battle.

Mr. and Mrs. K had lived by the dead sea for twenty years, and their ancestors had lived in this same house, which turned and followed the sun, flowerlike, for ten centuries.

Mr. and Mrs. K were not old. They had the fair, brownish skin of the true Martian; the yellow coin eyes, the soft, musical voices. Once they had liked painting pictures with chemical fire, swimming in the canals in the seasons when the wine trees filled them with green liquors, and talking into the dawn together by the blue phosphorous portraits in the speaking room.

They were not happy now.

This morning Mrs. K stood between the pillars of her house, listening to the desert sands heat, melt into yellow wax, and seemingly run on the horizon.

She wished that something would happen.

She waited watching the red sky of Mars as if it might at any moment grip in on itself, contract, and expel a shining miracle down upon the sand.

TIRED of waiting, she walked through the misting pillars. A gentle rain sprang from the fluted pillar tops, cooling the scorched air, falling gently on her. On hot days it was like wading in a creek. The house floors glittered with cool streams. In the distance she heard her husband playing his book, steadily, his fingers never tired of the old songs. Quietly, she wished he might one day again spend as much time holding and touching her like a little harp as he did his incredible books.

But no. She shook her head, an imperceptible, forgiving shrug. Her eyelids closed softly down upon her golden eyes. Marriage made people old and familiar, while still young.

She lay back in a chair that moved to take her shape, even as she moved. She closed her eyes tightly and nervously.

The dream occurred.

Her fingers trembled, came up, grasped at the air. A moment later she sat up, startled, gasping.

She glanced about, swiftly, as if expecting some-

one there before her. She seemed disappointed the space between the pillars was empty.

Her husband appeared in a triangular door. "Ylla, did you call?" he asked, irritably.

"No!" she cried.

"I thought I heard you cry out."

"Did I? I was almost asleep and had a dream."

"In the day time? You don't often do that."

She sat up as though struck in the face by the dream. "How strange, how very strange," she murmured. "The dream."

"Oh?" He evidently wished to return to his book.

"I dreamed about a man."

"A man?"

"A tall man, six feet one inch tall."

"How absurd; a giant, a misshapen giant."

"Somehow—" she tried the words. "—he looked all right. In spite of being tall. And he had, oh, I know you'll think it silly, he had blue eyes!"

"Blue eyes! Gods!" cried Mr. K. "What'll you dream next? I suppose he had black hair?"

"How did you guess?" She was excited.

"I picked the most unlikely color," he replied, coldly.

"Well, black it was!" she exulted. "And he had a very white skin, oh, he was most unusual! He dressed in a strange uniform and he came down out of the sky and spoke pleasantly to me." She smiled.

"Out of the sky; what nonsense!"

"He came in a metal thing that glittered in the sun," she remembered. She closed her eyes to shape it again. "I dreamed there was the sky and something sparkled like a coin thrown in the air, and suddenly it grew large and fell down softly to land, a long silver craft, round and alien. And a door opened in the side of the silver object and this tall man stepped out."

"If you worked harder, you wouldn't have these silly dreams."

"I rather enjoyed it," she replied, lying back.

"I never suspected myself of such an imagination. Black hair, blue eyes, and white skin! What a strange man, and yet—quite handsome."

"Wishful thinking."

"You're unkind. I didn't think him up on purpose, he just came in my mind while I drowsed. It wasn't like a dream. It was so unexpected and different. He looked at me and he said, 'I've come from the third planet in my ship. My name is Nathaniel York—'"

"A stupid name; it's no name at all," objected the husband.

"Of course it's stupid, because it's a dream," she explained softly. "And he said, 'This is the first trip across space. There are only two of us on our ship, myself and my friend John.'"

"Another stupid name."

"And he said, 'We're from a city on Earth, that's the name of our planet,'" continued Mrs. K. "That's what he said. 'Earth' was the name he spoke. And he used another language. Somehow I understood him. With my mind. Telepathy, I suppose."

Mr. K turned away. She stopped him with a word. "Yll?" she called, quietly. "Do you ever wonder if, well, if there are people living on the third planet?"

"The third planet is incapable of supporting life," stated the husband

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"Blue eyes! Gods!" cried Mr. K.
"I suppose he had black hair!"



SASKATOON: CITY IN THE WHEAT

Tin Pan Alley forgot to mention that it's sometimes called "the Prettiest Little City in Western Canada"

By JOHN CLARE

MENTION Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, in such jaded junctions as New York and London and you are likely to get reactions ranging from genuine incredulity through mild mirth.

Saskatoon seldom rates the spontaneous and unabashed boffs drawn by such place names as Medicine Hat, Moose Jaw and Paducah, Kentucky, but the writers who turned out a version of "Connecticut Yankee" for Bing Crosby not long ago thought it sounded interesting enough to share a spot in the dialogue with Walla Walla, Washington, and Puncetony (where do they get these names anyway?), Pennsylvania.

Song writers, who seem to spend as much time with their gazeteers as they do with their pianos, tapped the rhythmic potential in Saskatoon with a madrigal which began:

What a delight when I think of the night that I met you on—Saskatoon, SASKATCHEWAN;

Oh, what a thrill was the spill down the hill I upset you on—in SASKATCHEWAN;

*Swift as the breeze was the race on the skis I would bet you on—in Saskatoon, SASKATCHEWAN. **

Irving Caesar, one of the song's authors and the man who assisted George Gershwin in publicizing another euphonious morsel of the map for Al Jolson in the song "Swanee," has never been in Saskatoon.

"I must confess," Caesar wrote recently. "I don't know whether there is much snow in Saskatoon, SASKATCHEWAN, or whether there is any skiing at all or whether the temperature ever falls below zero. However, I hope the good people of the city will forgive any licenses of a song writer's imagination and when the song becomes a big hit maybe the Chamber of Commerce will send us a plaque."

At the last civic election Saskatoon taxpayers voted some \$700,000 for an addition to the City Hospital but there was no mention of a plaque. In fact, the only men who looked as though they might handle such an assignment were busy proofreading a bronze legend on the Federal Building which had read "Saskaton" for a long time.

I was in Saskatoon not long ago and checked on the points raised by Caesar and at the same time attempted to measure the city's change and progress against the Saskatoon I knew when I lived there 16 years ago.

Saskatoon does have snow, quite a bit of it which seems more than it really is because it stays around so long. The temperature frequently goes below zero and seems to get stuck there, also for long periods. The skiing is not very good, as you might expect of the prairies, but some enthusiasts built a ski slide on the river bank.

The population has risen to 52,000, according to the postmaster. This is the highest it's been since Saskatoon's incorporation as a town in 1903 with a population of 113. The depression checked a steady increase as thousands of young people who couldn't get jobs left town. However, this loss was offset somewhat, even during the 30's, by a migration from southern Saskatchewan where the drought and the depression were even worse.

But times are good in Saskatoon today. They are good because the wheat farmers, on whom the economy of the city and indeed the prosperity of the whole province squarely rests, have money.

Not long ago a farmer came to town to buy a wedding ring. When he gave up his job 15 years ago and started out for the Kindersley district west of Saskatoon with a yoke of oxen and not much more he hadn't money to buy a ring for his bride. Today they have four children; he owns his own farm and machinery and he has 70,000 bushels of wheat in storage.

Those Big Western Spenders

HE left his wife home when he went shopping because he wanted to surprise her. In the jewelry store he had doubts. He bought the plain gold band quickly enough, but hesitated before the tray of engagement rings. Finally he made a selection and gave the clerk six \$100 bills. "Do you think she'll like it?" he asked with concern. The clerk felt sure she would.

Down the street he went into a furrier's and pointed to a coat. "Ask the girl to try that on," he said, indicating a salesgirl. "This coat is \$600, but notice the rich depth of the fur and . . ." the proprietor began unreeling his sales spiel.

The farmer already had his money in his hand and had begun to count: "One, two . . ." he said laying down \$100 bills. "You will notice the full sleeves and the luxurious collar of carefully selected . . ." the proprietor continued. "Five, six. Okay?" said the farmer. The furrier's patience, strained by frustration, broke. "Look here, mister," he demanded. "Aren't you going to let me even sell this to you?"

That's not typical by any means but the prairie prosperity of the few past years has demonstrated that the wheat farmer is a spender when he has it. The years have shown, too, that he pays his debts.

One businessman, whose firm held 3,000 mortgages, mostly in Saskatchewan, now has no more than 50 on the books. The farmer debtors have repaid to this one firm between \$7 millions and \$8 millions. The International Harvester Co. has not a dollar's worth of bills receivable in the West; at the end of 1934 this one company was carrying \$12 millions.

Why does Saskatoon continue to flourish despite the fact that there has

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CARTOONS BY MEL CRAWFORD

PETS IN THE PRESS

Those hounds in the headlines are much too smart for our own good. Let's muzzle them

By ERIC NICOL

WHEN I meet dogs, cats, canaries, turtles and other pets in real life I'm never sure what they're going to do next.

But when I meet them in the newspaper I know right away what they're up to. In fact they're beginning to get on my nerves.

Just once, I'd like to read a news story that goes something like this:

ZWICKY, B.C., April 30 (VP)—Two weeks ago Harold Lagersnifter piled his bulldog, Winston, into the car and drove 400 miles to a friend's cottage at the seaside. The next day Winston disappeared and after a long search Lagersnifter sadly resigned himself to the loss of his pet. Two weeks later, his vacation over, Lagersnifter drove the 400 miles back home, and what do you suppose was waiting for him on his porch? You guessed it: 14 quarts of milk.

Another pet story that makes burning newspapers such a pleasure is the one about the pet that saves umpteen people from certain death in a fiery inferno by turning in the alarm. Usually the hero is a small mongrel dog, but cats occasionally make the grade. None of them, to my knowledge, has ever run to the closest fire-alarm box and broken the glass, or dialed the right number on the telephone. Instead, trapped in a burning building, they bark, meow or splash about (goldfish) until somebody wakes up, opens a door and trips over them in the rush to the street. For this they get photographed, interviewed and fussed over. Lord knows what else they might have been expected to do in the middle of a fire. Toast marshmallows, maybe. Or could we hope for an account like this:

ZBARAZ, Man., July 2 (MP)—First to detect the smoke and flame filling the corridors of the Moose Hotel last night was a two-year-old Irish dachshund, O'Schultz, who quickly jumped out of the icebox, trotted silently down the back stairs, let himself out through

a broken cellar window and ran to the nearest hydrant. Fifty-six people burned to death.

It also does nothing for my morale to read about pets inheriting from wealthy eccentrics more money than I'll ever see. I don't think this kind of story is good for pets in general. (The papers and magazines admit that more and more animals are learning to read and understand the news as well as people can—and that I believe.)

Once pets get the idea that devotion may pay off in Tel. & Tel. and villas on the Riviera, we're done for. A certain type of spaniel is barely tolerable as it is without giving him ulterior motives for lollygagging around.

And some of the larger pets may be tempted to accelerate the departure of the benefactor, normal lifespans being what they are. (Even a lovebird could get pretty good results by fluttering just out of reach on the window ledge of a 10th-story apartment.) I therefore plump for more stories like this:

ZEPHYR, Texas, Aug. 15 (DP)—The will of Mrs. Stuyvesant S. Slud, widow of multimillionaire Slud, was probated today before an excited gathering of family lawyers. Mrs. Slud, who for the past 50 years has resolutely shut out the world from her huge house, preferring to live alone with only her parrot, Eustace, to keep her company, made Eustace her only heir by leaving him two crackers and a note saying, "Talk your way out of that, you little b——!" The rest of the Slud fortune went to pay taxes.

Equally refreshing, for me at least, would be the mercy killing of the story of eternal devotion, which could be replaced with something like this:

ZILWAUKEE, Mich., Nov. 11 (HP)—For two long months now fisherman Ole Swenson's small, spotted dog (name of Mutt) has been sitting on the end of the local wharf, staring out to sea. Observers who feed Mutt regularly say he never leaves his vigil, though his appetite remains excellent. Questioned at his shack a few feet from the wharf, where he has been during the entire period of Mutt's watch, Swenson said: "Don't ask me. He lives his life and I live mine."

To the men in the rotogravure department I recommend the following for oblivion: monkeys wearing funny hats, the zoo's annual springtime proof of the fertility of the hippopotamus in spite of everything (including The Bomb), the strange phenomenon of cats nursing little rats (or rats nursing little cats), and people covered with bees for some silly reason or other.

I'm sorry if my attitude sounds negative. Out of print I like pets fine, you understand, even when they don't care for me. But I'm only human, and I resent having somebody's pooch thrown up in my face as braver, wittier and more loyal than I am. If he's so smart, let him pay the subscription for my daily paper while I run down and bite the city editor in the leg. We'll settle this thing, once and for all. ★



Oh Look!

THE 1950

Meteor!

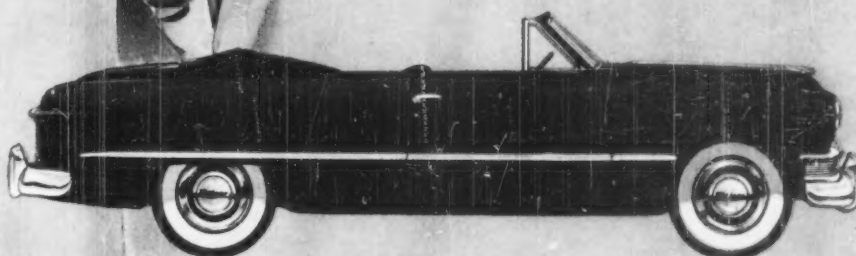
Only last year Meteor first flashed along the highways of Canada. Its beauty, its comfort and its startling performance won warm friends everywhere. In just a few months it was right up with the leaders in the low-price field. Now the 1950 Meteor is here—with scores of new features to add to your comfort and enjoyment. Inside and out, this car is worth your close inspection. See the new Meteor today—at your Mercury-Lincoln-Meteor Dealer's.



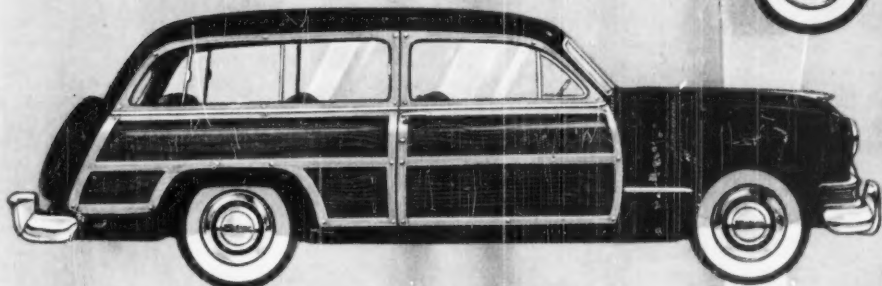
1950 Meteor Custom Deluxe Two-Door Sedan—available in both Custom Deluxe and Deluxe Models.



1950 Meteor Custom Deluxe Club Coupe—the personal car that offers real distinction. New Deluxe Business Coupe also available.



1950 Meteor Custom Deluxe Convertible Club Coupe—youthfully styled with long, low, graceful lines. Available in the spring of 1950.



1950 Meteor Custom Deluxe Station Wagon—distinctive and practical. Wide, roomy seats for eight.



1950 Meteor Custom Deluxe Four-Door Sedan—Beauty, performance and spacious comfort. Custom Deluxe and Deluxe Models.

Meteor "Touch-O-Matic" Overdrive (optional at extra cost) provides an extra fourth speed cruising gear. A release and touch of the accelerator at approximately 27 m.p.h. engages the overdrive and engine speed is reduced 30% while car speed remains the same. Savings up to 15% in gasoline.

Chrome wheel trim rings and white sidewall tires optional at extra cost.

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Maple Leaf Tenderflake Lard is unexcelled for pastry baking.

Prove it for yourself the next time you bake.

TENDERFLAKE CHERRY PIE

PASTRY: $\frac{3}{4}$ cup Maple Leaf Tenderflake Lard, 2 cups sifted pastry flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 4-6 tablespoons ice water. Cut lard into flour and salt. Sprinkle ice water over lard mixture gradually. Work pastry into a ball.

FILLING: 1 tin York Cherries, 2 tablespoons pastry flour. Roll out $\frac{1}{2}$ of the pastry and place in an 8" pie plate. Combine $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of cherry juice with flour. Place in pastry-lined pie plate with drained cherries. Roll out remaining pastry and prick with a fork to allow steam to escape. Place pastry over fruit, trim, and pinch edges securely. Bake at 425°F. for 25 to 30 minutes.

CANADA PACKERS LIMITED

Mr. and Mrs. Ali Baba

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started? With eight hundred dollars in the bank and two lusty children to feed and clothe? . . .

"We did it before, we can do it again," said Jerry, and threw himself into the new venture with the tremendous enthusiasm which was part of his charm, part of his lingering adolescence.

WITHOUT shame he picked the local dumps, delved into glens behind abandoned farmhouses, returning with torn clothes, lacerated flesh and loads of derelict and frequently fragrant loot. Nothing with the slightest possibility escaped his eager eye and everything to him had possibilities. Backed into a corner, he could always take refuge in his pet phrase—that the item in question would be very nice for ivy.

Further, he demonstrated. Glistening vegetation began to twine from battered household utensils all over the place bringing Jean nightmares wherein the creeping vines ganged up on them, like the snakes in the Laocoon Group, throttling them in their sleep.

He was having fun and he actually did salvage some surprisingly good things: and as usual, Jean found, it was impossible to resist him. Gradually she began to drop the role of critical bystander. To get a line on current prices, she subscribed to a collectors' magazine; she borrowed books on old glass and furniture from the library in town, chummed up with local dealers and cast speculative eyes on the heirlooms of their friends and relatives.

"How old is your great-aunt Maria?" she asked Jerry one evening.

"Eighty-nine or ninety, I guess. Why?"

"Maria's house, I recall, is simply crammed with treasures," Jean said.

"So is the mint."

Jean said, "You know, Jerry, sooner or later we'll have to spend some money if we're going to stock a shop. Maria's is as good a place to start as any other."

She continued to worry this theme until Jerry finally gave in.

AUNT Maria's residence, set back off the road, was square and about as uncompromising-looking as a blockhouse, which in fact at times in its past history it had been. There was no sign of life within as Jerry banged the gangrenous brass knocker.

"Deaf as a haddock and stubborn as a mule," Jerry fumed. "I tell you, Jean . . ."

The bolt slid back, the portal creaked open an inch and a pair of beady black eyes peered out.

"Don't have to wreck the house," croaked the old lady in some asperity. "If you're selling, I'm not buying and vicey versey."

"Sorry, Aunt Maria," Jerry apologized. "It's me, Jerry Lane, your nephew, and Jean. You remember us?"

"Hmm," said Aunt Maria, sniffing audibly and opening the door a few more inches. She was not more than five feet tall and straight as a little ramrod. Her skin had the translucent quality of the very old, yet there were surprisingly few wrinkles in her face. With her pure white hair parted severely in the middle and the knitted shawl over her shoulders, Aunt Maria had obviously stepped directly from a daguerrotype. "Against my better judgment, you can come in," she decided finally. "But don't stay. I'm about to eat."

The living room into which she now led them obviously encompassed all of the old lady's activities. It was vast

Maclean's Magazine, January 1, 1950

and high-ceilinged, and the lines had the grace of a bygone era. It was also cluttered with furniture and completely dominated by an ugly potbellied stove jutting out into the middle. On top of this monster an odoriferous brew steamed audibly.

"Smells good," said Jerry, gravitating instinctively toward the pot whose lid he fingered. "Beef stew?"

"Slumgullion," said Aunt Maria. "'Tis good and you can't have any." She plumped down in a rocker and watched Jerry with suspicion. "Keep off the Adamases," she screamed as he deployed in the direction of that furniture. "Ladderbacks won't hold you, either. Set on the couch. You've gone to flesh since I last saw you, Nevvie."

"Nonsense," said Jerry indignantly.

"It's my cooking," said Jean, trying to shout and sound complacent at the same time.

She patted the horsehair sofa—a gesture entirely lost on Jerry who suddenly got down on hands and knees to peer under a gateleg table.

"What's the man want under there?" Aunt Maria enquired sharply.

"He must have dropped something," Jean screamed. In a firm, low voice she said: "For heaven's sake, Jerry, behave yourself and stop wolfing everything in the room."

"But, darling, it's all priceless," he replied, seating himself beside Jean as the old lady rose to agitate her stew. "Look at that table and the desk—isn't that a Governor Winthrop?"

"'Course it is," said Aunt Maria. "Belonged to your great-great-grandfather Endicott Lane."

Jean and Jerry jumped guiltily. While they had been surveying the room, Aunt Maria had slipped on an old-fashioned hearing aid. The small, cameralike box now snapped petulantly on the table before them.

"Let's stop this fiddle-faddle, Jerry Lane," she continued, crossing her arms. "It's five years since you came to call. The Lanes never turn up unless they're after something. What's your business with me. Speak up."

JERRY cast an imploring glance at Jean but found no help there. Her small face wore an air of serene and polite attention. So he cleared his throat and took the plunge.

"Well, you see it's like this, Aunt Maria. Jean and I have recently started in antiques."

"And what makes you think I want to sell anything?" she enquired. "Poppa always said—don't sell. Keep."

"But you have so much stuff," Jerry stammered. "I mean, so many pieces. Look at all these chairs."

"I do, often," said the old lady. "There's somebody asetting' in each one of 'em and that," she added warningly, as Jerry was about to give Jean a significant nudge, "isn't as crazy a remark as it sounds." Aunt Maria leaned forward and some of the tartness left her face. "This is all I've got left. These sticks and the memories of the folks who used them."

The sedate ticking of the grandfather clock was the only sound in the room for a moment. Then Jerry said, softly contrite: "I didn't think of it that way, Aunt Maria."

"Neither of us did," said Jean. "We wouldn't disturb your memories for the world, Aunt Maria. We're sorry . . ."

"Sit down, sit down," said the old lady as they got up to go. "I'm not finished. You couldn't trouble my memories if you tried. As for the furniture, Nephew is right. There's a lot, too much and what is it anyhow—wood, horsehair, cane? No good to me." She eyed them curiously. "News travels, don't it? All of it goes, the

whole kit and kaboodle except my personal doodads. House, too. I'm not agoing to have a parcel of distant relatives yanking and squabbling over my things when I'm laid out. Not Maria Lane."

"But what will you do, Aunt Maria?" Jean enquired anxiously.

The old lady had an answer for that, too. She would move in across the street with her crony, Mrs. Caldwell, a mere child of eighty. She would sit. She would wait—for the good Lord to make up His mind.

"That's that," she concluded. "Now about you two. What makes you think you're an antiquer, Jerry Lane—one of the forty thieves? How'd you fall in with these pirates?"

"Well, it was sort of accidental," Jerry admitted with a smile. "Jean sent me to the dump," he began. He told his story and told it well.

"Dump picking? Shades of our ancestors, maybe you are a Lane after all, despite the nonsense of your bringing up. Got any cash?"

"Not much," Jerry replied. "Not nearly enough to buy all your things."

"Hold on there, young man," said the old lady. "I don't recall saying you could buy any of my bric-a-brac. Just said I was going to sell. Got to know more about you first. To my knowledge—and I keep track—you've been in and out of a dozen things. How do I know you deserve to be encouraged in this latest?"

"You'll just have to trust me, Aunt Maria," Jerry said humbly. "Or try me out."

"Any nincompoop can spend money," Aunt Maria reminded him sharply. "It's how you buy and how you sell that counts in trade." She studied Jerry closely, while both he and Jean wondered what was coming next. "Says he wants to be tried out," she observed, more to herself than to them. "Seems reasonable. Let him try. Tell you what, Nevvie. You go out and buy something: then sell it. Prove to me you can turn a real profit on the deal, and maybe we'll dicker over my stuff."

"You mean you'll give us first crack—"

"That's what I said. Mind you, I know what my antiques are worth and you won't get 'em cheap, even if you are kinfolk, and you don't get 'em at all unless you prove to me you know your business. Give you thirty days to do just that, and by a real profit I mean double your money. Now, what do you say?"

"It's a deal," Jerry cried. "Fair enough, hey Jean?"

"Wonderful," she said, her eyes shining. Then a worrisome thought struck her. "But, Aunt Maria, we're starting on a shoestring. If we do satisfy you we can't possibly pay cash for all of your things at once."

"Don't have to," said the old lady. "Satisfy me you know what you're doing and you won't have to pay for any of my knickknacks until you resell 'em." She sniffed. "Drat! My slum's burning on. Now git."

JEAN and Jerry did not dare speak of their good fortune until they were again safely in the car.

"Light one for me, quick," he said as Jean fumbled for the cigarettes. "What a break, darling!"

"Fabulous," Jean agreed.

"Even paying what she wants for her stuff, we can turn it over to dealers for enough to get us through the winter and ensure a real start in the spring. You just don't find a houseful like that any more."

"Nice work," Jean said cautiously, "if we get it."

"We'll get it all right. We've got to. But thirty days isn't much. It's

September and the summer trade is gone. A dealer will have to be the buyer for our item, and they're tough."

"Never mind the buyer, yet," said Jean. "First comes the item. Where do you suggest we start, Jerry?"

"We'll just have to get into another old house and steal something," he decided, and on this premise they immediately embarked.

The entree, with their mutual charm, was not difficult. However, some years ago a pioneer dealer named Blake had claimed this territory for his own and gone through it with a fine-tooth comb. What he left either wasn't worth taking or the owners had such exaggerated notions of value as to make a quick, profitable turnover impossible. By the end of the first week, Jean and Jerry had acquired a few dishes, some glass, a batch of Victorian monstrosities and a spinning wheel: none of it of consequence.

"We'll have to cover the auctions, I guess," Jerry said, "and pray that an exceptional piece gets put up on a rainy day with no dealers around."

Every other dealer in the country seemed to have the same notion. The rainy-day auctions were more lavishly attended than the sunny. Each piece with promise was bid sky-high.

In sheer desperation, toward the end of a fortnight, Jerry bid in an old pine cupboard for sixteen dollars and dragged it home against Jean's protests. It was bulky, it was battered, and multitudinous coats of scabrous paint shrouded it.

"A thing of beauty and a joy forever," said Jerry calmly, in answer to her objections.

"You don't have the faintest idea that this is it, do you?" Jean enquired. "Why every dealer there crackled when you jumped the bid from eleven to sixteen."

"Who cares?" said Jerry. "I wanted it and I bought it for something to work on in odd moments."

THE parade of furniture from the overflowing shed had finally reached the house, so he set the cupboard up on sawhorses on the porch where it immediately constituted a grave menace to navigation. Intermittently, depending on his mood, Jerry pecked at the thing with paint remover, with glass and razor blades. Little by little the soft, mellow wood emerged from its camouflage, but the going was slow and painful.

"What we need is an electric sander," Jerry decided and forthwith purchased a secondhand one for thirty-nine dollars. Toward the end of the month he finished and set it up on the porch.

"Not bad," Jean said, surveying it critically. "Do you think it will sell?" "Eventually, to the right party. Next summer, without a doubt."

"But next summer will be too late," Jean reminded him. "We've only five days to Maria's deadline. Oh, Jerry, I'm afraid we've lost out."

"Not yet we haven't," he replied confidently. "Mrs. Griffin, the dealer in town, will pay me twenty-five dollars for a cobbler's bench in fair condition. I know where there's one I can get for ten, maybe."

"Well, get it, darling. Don't just talk about it."

Jerry dashed off—to return sometime later, empty-handed and depressed. "I got the tip too late, I guess. The bench went yesterday."

"Blake again?"

Jerry nodded. "I think that guy taps phones," he said morosely.

WITH every passing hour Aunt Maria's Winthrop desk, her piecrust tiptable, the Adams chairs and

Continued on page 29

Quiz? HERE ARE 16 STATEMENTS

With how many do you agree?

Actual comments of women who recently made a taste comparison

"After comparison I found that Heinz Vegetable Soup far surpassed my favourite brand of soup in flavour."

—Mrs. E. P.

"I tried your Cream of Mushroom Soup and found it far superior to any brand of soup I have tried."

—Mrs. M. H. B.

"In the past we have been buying another brand of soup, but this sample will switch us to Heinz in the future."

—Mrs. S. P.

"Having tried your sample of Heinz Vegetable Soup I think it is super compared to other brands of soup."

—Miss M. McA.

"After tasting the Heinz sample I think I have been buying the wrong brand of soups."

—Mrs. R. H.

"We sampled your Cream of Tomato Soup and decided it is the most nourishing and appetizing we have ever tried."

—Mrs. M. McR.

"Having tried Heinz Mushroom Soup, all I can say is that it is far ahead of other brands."

—Mrs. C. M.

"The sample of Heinz Cream of Chicken Soup was delicious. It was just like home-made soup."

—Mrs. C. C.

"My husband says it is second to none, and anytime I want a week's vacation, just to leave him a supply of Heinz Soups."

—Mrs. C. W.

"Heinz Soups are the brand for me after trying your Vegetable Soup . . . far superior for richness and flavour."

—Mrs. R. B.

"I had the pleasure of tasting Heinz Cream of Green Pea Soup. I find it excels all other makes."

—Mrs. A. McC.

"I think that your Soup rates above all other soups on the market."

—Mrs. W. W.

"I found the Heinz Vegetable Soup a much richer, finer flavour than the brand I have been using."

—Mrs. M. MacD.

"I like Heinz Vegetable Soup because it tastes more like homemade soup than any other brand."

—Mrs. R. L.

"After trying Heinz Soup for the first time, my husband and I both agree it has far more flavour than other soups."

—Mrs. E. T.

"I really think Heinz Soups are the tops. In fact it is hard to beat anything that carries the Heinz trade mark."

—Mrs. W. W. I.

You can see by these comments that many women have been buying soup by habit rather than by choice. Often the first taste of Heinz Soups convinces them that they have been missing a treat. Try a similar comparison yourself and taste the wonderful difference.

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Continued from page 27

Staffordshire china became less and less attainable. On these things, Jean knew, rested their only hope of being able to survive the winter and start the spring in a business which for the first time seemed completely right both for Jerry and their situation here in the hills. When Aunt Maria refused to grant the slightest extension in time, Jean knew in her heart that they were licked. Jerry knew it, too, but he kept trying.

He was off scouring the countryside, with only forty-eight hours to go, when a horn sounded in the yard. It was a blustering late fall morning with bitter rain and a cutting wind blasting the last of the leaves from the trees. Jean and the boys all had colds. The summons therefore brought her no farther than the upstairs bedroom window.

"Oh, go away," she murmured, suspecting a salesman, but the man at the wheel of the car obviously had no such intention. Reluctantly Jean pried up the window and called: "Hello. What do you want?"

"This an antique shop?" he shouted above the storm.

"It will be," Jean screamed back, adding a cautious "maybe" to herself. "We're not open yet."

"Want to sell that cupboard?"

"Sure," said Jean, hope leaping within her.

"How much?"

Jean tried to recall the figure on pine cupboards, but it escaped her.

"Well?" said the man impatiently.

Wildly Jean grabbed the first reasonable price that came into her head and tossed it out into the storm. "A . . . seventy-five," she called.

There was a brief consultation within the car.

"Sold," cried the man and by the time she had thrown on a dressing gown and descended, he was standing on the porch, cheque in hand. "I'll pick it up next week. Give you a chance to clear the paper. Made it out to cash," he concluded and dashed back to the car.

WHEN Jerry returned that afternoon, he wore a look of satisfaction.

"Good day, darling?" Jean enquired, kissing his cheek.

"Very fair," he said. "Not bad at all in fact," he added loftily.

"Ditto," said Jean, the cheque burning her fingers in the pocket of her jacket. "What went with you, first of all?"

"It'll keep," he said, lighting his

pipe with aggravating deliberateness. "First, the news of the day. Even in this backwash a man must keep abreast of the times, you know." He smoothed out the paper, commented on the headlines while Jean waited, fuming inwardly.

These men. These bearded boys.

"Yes," Jerry said at last, tossing the paper aside and yawning elaborately. "Daddy put over a nice little deal today."

"Stop talking like a big boiled dinner," Jean sputtered. "Out with it."

"All in due time, my love," he purred, and let her suffer some more while with meticulous care he mixed a brace of martinis. This ritual over, Jerry draped himself pictorially by the mantel of the fireplace and said: "You will recall my purchasing a certain relic in pine, against the better judgment of my little wife?"

"You refer, I presume, to the roadblock on the porch?"

"Don't be crude, pet," he chided her. "And roadblock it is no longer; rather, the open door to fortune and Aunt Maria's heirlooms."

"You sold it?"

"Yes, to our arch enemy, Blake." "Why, darling, that's wonderful. How much?"

"Forty dollars. Better than double the money." Jerry dropped his pose with that. "Get Maria on the phone. Tell her to pack. The Lanes are coming . . ." He did a little tap dance of triumph: then paused to observe Jean pensively opening a small black account book. "Well, don't I get a pat on the head, a 'nice Rover'? And do you have to do your homework just at this moment?"

"I hate to be a wet blanket, Jerry," she said, "and it's grand that you sold the cupboard but we have to look at the record a minute. The piece cost sixteen dollars. You worked approximately twenty hours on it. Figuring labor at a dollar an hour, the cupboard stands us thirty-six dollars without—"

"But I didn't punch a time clock on that thing," Jerry interrupted. "I worked on it in my spare time."

"All your time is spare, Jerry, but we simply have to figure a labor charge in the costs of production. So, thirty-six dollars without the sander which you bought solely to use on that item and which set us back thirty-nine bucks. Total, seventy-five dollars or a net loss on the cupboard of thirty-five. Yes? No?"

"No," said Jerry, when he had recovered from a moment of speechlessness. "You can't do this to me, Jean. Not after the way I've slaved, the miles I've covered . . ."

"Paint remover, two gallons at three dollars a gallon," Jean interrupted. "I forgot that and gas and oil to and from the auction, say three dollars more."

This was too much for Jerry. He strode up and down, finally coming to rest in a corner of the couch where he muttered: "And to think all these years I have been nourishing a lady viper under my roof, a Judas, a Cassandra" . . . Plaintively he appealed: "Oh, come on now, Jean. We don't have to figure in all those things, do we? What Aunt Maria doesn't know won't hurt her. All's fair in love, war and the antique business, isn't it?"

Jean refused to answer that, but sat watching him with a disarmingly direct gaze under which his rationalization finally withered. Jerry gave a long sigh of final defeat. "Okay, you win. I'll call Auntie and tell her we're throwing in the towel."

"It might be a better idea," Jean corrected him, "to call Blake and tell him the deal is off, that the cupboard isn't for sale."

"Why isn't it for sale?" Jerry enquired puzzled. "We might as well salvage something out of this anyway."

"It's not for sale," Jean continued patiently, "because I sold it this morning while you were gone." She held out the slip of paper she had been fingering all this while. "Thusly," she said.

Jerry gazed at the cheque. His blue eyes opened wide; so did his mouth, though for several seconds nothing came out. Then he gasped: "A hundred and seventy-five dollars? For the pine cupboard, that termite heaven!"

"In the words of my lord and master, a thing of beauty and a joy forever."

"But . . . but . . . Why, you bandit, you hillbilly Hetty Green!" Jerry stuttered in his excitement. "And who is this character who signs himself 'J. Mortimer Willoughby'? If he's not a fugitive from the madhouse, he'll stop payment when he sobers up, and have us up for extortion."

"No he won't," Jean replied. "He wrote the cheque with his own little chubby hand and without coercion. Is it my fault if he didn't understand me on account of the rain and my laryngitis? I distinctly said seventy-five."

The larger significance of the miracle struck Jerry then. "That does it, baby!" he cried. "We're in. Figuring in everything including the kitchen sink and there's still enough profit here to convince a bank president. My darling . . ."

"Why, Jerry," said Jean presently in a very small voice. "All I did was mumble from the upstairs window. You did all the work."

"Keep right on mumbling, we'll make a fortune yet," Jerry beamed. He sprang to the phone. With his hand on the instrument, however, he paused. "Just for the record, what was the idea of putting me through all that song and dance? Why didn't you bust out with this when I first came in?"

"I tried, darling," she reminded him, "but you wanted to play tired mogul. Besides, like Aunt Maria, I had to be sure you're really Ali Baba, the honest man, and not one of the forty thieves."

Jerry raised his eyebrows at that. "You still believe that honesty is the best policy, even in the antique business?"

"Why, of course, dear," said Jean innocently.

Jerry glanced at the cheque. "And they call it a man's world," he murmured, to nobody in particular. ★



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Margaret Lockwood, as predicted, is back in a best-selling romance, MADNESS OF THE HEART.

★ ★ ★

Trevor Howard has switched to Tunisia and adventure in GOLDEN SALAMANDER, largely filmed in Africa. The film introduces an exotic teen-age French star, Anouk.

★ ★ ★

DIAMOND CITY, also from Africa and also adventure, brings back David Farrar of BLACK NARCISSUS.

★ ★ ★

Eagle-Lion has made it a policy to present from time to time unusual independent films of merit, especially those of France. For cinemagoers who do not know the language and who have never seen Parisian entertainment, here is a highly-recommended first film: Michele Morgan in Aux Yeux du SOUVENIR.

★ ★ ★

Self-made star of the season is the squirrel, GINGER NUTT who is now to have his own series of cartoons with Color by Technicolor, produced by David Hand.

To be sure you see these J. Arthur Rank films, ask for the playdates at your local Theatre.

An  Release



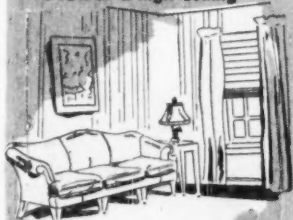
"Wouldn't this be a good time to take down the screens, dear? You wouldn't need a ladder!"

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I'll Not Ask For Wine

Continued from page 21

patiently. "Our scientists have said there's far too much oxygen in their atmosphere."

"But wouldn't it be fascinating if there were people? And they traveled through space in some sort of ship?"

"Really, Ylla, you know how I hate this emotional wailing. Let's get on with our work."

IT WAS late in the day when she began singing the song as she moved among the whispering pillars of rain. She sang it over and over again.

"What's that song?" snapped her husband at last, walking in to sit at the fire table.

"I don't know." She looked up, surprised at herself. She put her hand to her mouth, unbelieving. The sun was setting. The house was closing itself in, like a giant flower, with the passing of light. A wind blew among the pillars, the fire table bubbled its fierce pool of silver lava. The wind stirred her russet hair, crooning softly in her ears. She stood silently looking out into the great fallow distances of sea bottom, as if recalling something, her yellow eyes soft and moist. "Drink to me only with thine eyes, and I will pledge with mine," she sang, softly, quietly, slowly. "Or leave a kiss within the cup and I'll not ask for wine." She hummed, moving her hands in the wind, ever so lightly, her eyes shut. She finished the song.

It was very beautiful.

"Never heard that song before, did you compose it?" he enquired, his eyes sharp.

"No. Yes. No, I don't know, really!" She hesitated, wildly. "I don't even know what the words are; they're another language!"

"What language?"

She dropped portions of meat numbly into the simmering lava. "I don't know." She drew the meat forth, a moment later, cooked, served on a plate for him. "It's just a crazy thing I made up, I guess; I don't know why."

He said nothing. He watched her drown meats in the hissing fire pool. The sun was gone. Slowly slowly the night came in to fill the room, swallowing the pillars and both of them, like a dark wine poured to the ceiling. Only the silver lava's glow lit their faces.

She hummed the strange tune again.

Instantly he leaped from his chair and stalked angrily from the room.

LATER, in isolation, he finished supper.

When he arose, he stretched, glanced at her and suggested, yawning, "Let's take the flame birds to town tonight to see an entertainment."

"You don't mean it?" she said. "Are you feeling well?"

"What's so strange about that?"

"But we haven't gone for an entertainment in six months!"

"I think it's a good idea."

"Suddenly, you're so solicitous," she said.

"Don't talk that way," he replied, peevishly. "Do you or do you not want to go?"

She looked out at the pale desert. The twin white moons were rising. Cool water ran softly about her toes. She began to tremble just the least bit. She wanted very much to sit quietly here, soundless, not moving until his thing occurred, this thing expected all day, this thing that could not happen, but might. A drift of song brushed through her mind.

"I—"

"Do you good," he urged. "Come along now."

"I'm tired," she said. "Some other night."

"Here's your scarf." He handed her a phial. "We haven't gone anywhere in months."

"Except you, twice a week, to Xi City." She wouldn't look at him.

"Business," he said.

"Oh?" She whispered to herself.

From the phial a liquid poured, turned to blue mist, settled about her neck quivering.

THE flame birds waited, like a bed of hot coals, glowing on the cool smooth sands. The white canopy ballooned on the night wind, flapping softly, tied by a thousand green ribbons to the birds.

Ylla laid herself back in the canopy and, at a word from her husband, the birds leaped up, burning, toward the dark sky. The ribbons tautened, the canopy lifted. The sand slid whining under, the blue hills drifted by, drifted by, leaving their home behind, the raining pillars, the caged flowers, the singing books, the whispering floor creeks. She did not look at her husband. She heard him crying out to the birds as they rose higher, like ten thousand hot sparkles, so many red-yellow fireworks in the heavens, tugging the canopy like a flower petal, burning through the wind.

She didn't watch the dead, ancient bone-chess cities slide under, or the old canals filled with emptiness and dreams. Past dry rivers and dry lakes they flew like a s'adow of the moon, like a torch burning.

She watched only the sky.

The husband spoke.

She watched the sky.

"Did you hear what I said?"

"What?"

He exhaled. "You might pay attention."

"I was thinking."

"I never thought you were a nature lover, but you're certainly interested in the sky tonight," he said.

"It's very beautiful."

"I was figuring," said the husband, slowly. "I thought I'd call Hulle tonight. I'd like to talk to him about us spending some time, oh, only a week or so, in the Blue Mountains. It's just an idea."

"The Blue Mountains!" She gripped the canopy rim with one hand, turning swiftly toward him.

"Oh, it's just a suggestion."

"When do you want to go?" she asked, trembling.

"I thought we might leave tomorrow morning. You know, an early start and all that," he said, very casually.

"But we never go this early in the year!"

"Just this once, I thought—" He smiled. "Do us good to get away. Some peace and quiet. You know. You haven't anything else planned? We'll go, won't we?"

She took a breath, waited, and then replied. "No."

"What!" His cry startled the birds. The canopy jerked.

"No," she said, firmly. "It's settled. I won't go."

He looked at her. They did not speak after that. She turned away.

The birds flew on, ten thousand fire-brands down the wind.

IN THE dawn the sun, through the crystal pillars, melted the fog that supported Ylla as she slept. All night she had hung above the floor, buoyed by the soft carpeting of mist which poured from the walls when she lay down to rest. All night she had slept on this silent river, like a boat upon a soundless tide. Now the fog dispursed, the mist withdrew until she was deposited upon the shore of waking.

She opened her eyes. Her husband stood over her. He looked as if he had stood there for hours, watching. She did not know why, but she could not look him in the face.

"You've been dreaming again," he said. "You spoke out and kept me awake."

"I'll be all right."

"You talked a lot in your sleep."

"Did I?" She started.

Dawn was cold in the room.

"What was your dream?"

She had to think a moment to remember. "The ship. It came from the sky again, landed, and the tall man stepped out and talked with me, laughing, and it was pleasant."

Mr. K touched a pillar. Fountains of warm water leaped up, steaming; the chill vanished from the room. Mr. K's face was impassive.

"And then," she said, "this man, who said his strange name was Nathaniel York, told me I was beautiful and— and kissed me."

"Ha!" cried the husband, turning violently away.

"It's only a dream." She was amused.

"Keep your silly, feminine dreams to yourself!"

"You're acting like a child." She lapsed back upon the few remaining bits of chemical mist. After a moment she laughed softly. "I thought of some more of the dream," she confessed.

"Well, what is it, what is it!" he shouted.

"Yll, you're so bad-tempered."

"Tell me!" he demanded. "You can't keep secrets from me!" His face was dark and rigid as he stood over her.

"I've never seen you this way," she replied, half shocked, half entertained. "All that happened was this Nathaniel York person told me, well, he told me that he'd take me away into his ship, into the sky with him, and take me back to his planet with him. It's really quite ridiculous."

"Ridiculous, is it!" he almost screamed. "You should have heard yourself, fawning on him, talking to him, singing with him, oh gods, all night, you should have heard yourself!"

"Yll!"

"When's he landing? Where's he coming down with his ship!"

"Yll, lower your voice."

He bent stiffly over her. "And in this dream—" he seized her wrist. "—didn't the ship land over in Green Valley, didn't it? Answer me!"

"Why, yes—"

"And it landed this afternoon, didn't it?" he kept at her.

"Yes, yes, I think so, yes, but only in a dream!"

"Well," he flung her hand away, rigidly. "It's good you're truthful! I heard every word you said in your sleep. You mentioned the valley and the time." Breathing hard, he walked between the pillars like a man blinded by a lightning bolt. Slowly, his breath returned. She watched him as though he were quite insane. She arose finally and went to him. "Yll," she whispered.

"I'm all right."

"You're sick."

"No." He forced a tired smile. "Just childish. Forgive me, darling." He gave her a rough pat. "Too much work lately. I'm sorry. I think I'll lie down a while—"

"You were so excited."

"I'm all right now. Fine." He exhaled. "Let's forget it."

"It was only a dream."

"Of course." He kissed her cheek mechanically. "Only a dream."

AT NOON the sun was hot and the hills shimmered in the light. "Aren't you going to town?" asked Ylla.

"Town?" He raised his brows faintly.

"This is the day you always go." She adjusted a flower cage on its pedestal. The flowers stirred, opening their hungry yellow mouths.

He closed his book. "No. It's too hot, and it's late."

"Oh." She finished her task and moved toward the door. "Well, I'll be back soon."

"Wait a minute! Where are you going?"

She was in the door swiftly. "Over to Pao's. She invited me!"

"Today?"

"I haven't seen her in a long time. It's only a little way."

"Over in Green Valley, isn't it?"

"Yes, just a walk, not far, I thought I'd—"

She hurried. "I'm sorry, really sorry," he said, running to fetch her back, looking very concerned about his forgetfulness. "It slipped my mind. I invited Dr. Nlle out this afternoon."

"Dr. Nlle!" She edged toward the door.

He caught her elbow and drew her steadily in. "Yes."

"But Pao—"

"Pao can wait, Ylla. We must entertain Nlle."

"Just for a few minutes—"

"No, Ylla."

"No?"

He shook his head. "No. Besides, it's a terribly long walk to Pao's. All the way over through Green Valley and then past the big canal and down, isn't it? And it'll be very very hot, and Dr. Nlle would be delighted to see you. Well?"

She did not answer. She wanted to break and run. She wanted to cry out. But she only sat in the chair, turning her fingers over, slowly, staring at them, expressionlessly, trapped.

"Ylla?" he murmured. "You will be here, won't you?"

"Yes," she said, after a long time.

"I'll be here."

"All afternoon?"

Her voice was dull. "All afternoon."

LATE in the day, Dr. Nlle had not put in an appearance. Ylla's husband did not seem overly surprised. When it was quite late he murmured something, went to a closet and drew forth a long yellowish tube, ending in a bellows and a trigger. He held it in his hands and considered it. It hummed constantly, an insect hum. From it, hordes of golden bees could be flung out with a high shriek. Golden bees that stung, poisoned, and fell lifeless, like seeds on the sand.

"Where are you going?" she asked with interest she hadn't wanted to show.

"What? Oh." He turned the bellows over, listening carefully to its evil humming. "If Dr. Nlle insists on being late, I'm not waiting for him. I'm going out to hunt for a bit. I'll be back. You be sure to stay right here now, won't you?" He did not look at her.

"Yes."

"And tell Dr. Nlle I'll return. Just hunting."

The triangular door closed. His footsteps faded down the hill.

She watched him walking through the sunlight, until he was gone. Then she resumed her tasks with the magnetic dusts and the new fruits to be plucked from the crystal walls. She worked with energy and dispatch, but on occasion a numbness took hold of her and she caught herself singing that strange and memorable song and looking out beyond the crystal pillars at the sky.

She held her breath and stood very still, waiting.

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J. ALDERIC RAYMOND,
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IT WAS like those days when you heard a thunderstorm coming and there was the waiting silence and then the faintest pressure of the atmosphere as the climate blew over the land in shifts and shadows and vapors. And the change pressed at your ears and you were suspended in the waiting time of the coming storm. You began to tremble. The sky was stained and colored; the clouds were thickened, the mountains took on an iron taint. The caged flowers blew with faint sighs of warning. You felt your hair stir softly. Somewhere in the house, the voice-clock sang, "Time, time, time, time—" ever so gently; no more than water tapping on velvet.

And then, the storm. The electric illumination, the engulfments of dark wash and sounding black fell down, shutting in, forever.

That's how it was, now. A storm gathered, yet the sky was clear. Lightning was expected, yet there was no cloud.

Ylla moved through the breathless summer house. Lightning would strike from the sky any instant, there would be a thunderclap, a ball of smoke, a silence, footsteps on the path, a rap on the crystalline door, and her running to answer.

Crazy Ylla! she scoffed. Why think these wild things with your idle mind?

And then, it happened.

There was a warmth as of a great fire passing in the air. A whirling rushing sound. A gleam in the sky, of metal.

Ylla cried out.

Running through the pillars, she flung wide a door. She faced the hills. But by this time there was nothing.

She was about to race down the hill, when she stopped herself. She was supposed to stay here, go nowhere. The doctor was coming to visit, and her husband would be angry if she ran off.

She waited in the door, breathing rapidly, her hand out.

She strained to see, over toward Green Valley, but saw nothing.

Silly woman. She went inside. You and your imagination, she thought. That was nothing but a bird, a leaf, the wind, or a fish in the canal. Sit down. Rest.

She sat.

A shot sounded.

Very clearly, sharply, the sound of the evil insect weapon.

Her body jerked with it.

It came from a long way off. One shot. The swift humming distant bees. One shot. And then a second shot, precise and cold, and far away.

Her body winced again and for some reason she started up, screaming and screaming, and never wanting to stop screaming. She ran violently through the house and once more threw wide the door.

The echoes were dying away, away. Gone.

She waited in the yard, her face pale.

FINALLY, with slow steps, her head down, she wandered about the pillared rooms, laying her hand to things, her lips quivering, until finally she sat alone, in the darkening wine room, waiting. She began to wipe an amber glass with the hem of her scarf. And then, from far off, the sound of footsteps, crunching on the thin, small rocks.

She rose up to stand in the centre of the quiet room. The glass fell from her fingers, smashing to bits.

The footsteps hesitated outside the door.

Should she speak, should she cry out, "Come in, oh, come in!"

She went forward a few paces.

The footsteps walked up the ramp. A hand twisted the door latch.

She smiled at the door.

The door opened. She stopped smiling.

It was her husband.

He entered the room and looked at her for only a moment. Then he snapped the weapon bellows open, cracked out two dead bees, heard them spat on the floor as they fell, stepped on them, and placed the empty bellows-gun in the corner of the room as Ylla bent down and tried, over and over, with no success, to pick up the pieces of the shattered glass. "What were you doing?" she asked.

"Nothing," he said, with his back turned.

"But, the gun, I heard you fire it. Twice."

"Just hunting. Once in a while you like to hunt. Did Dr. Nlle arrive?"

"No."

"Wait a minute." He snapped his fingers disgustedly. "Why, I remember now. He was supposed to visit us tomorrow afternoon. How stupid of me."

They sat down to eat. She looked at her food and did not move her hands. "What's wrong?" he asked, not looking up from dipping his meat in the bubbling lava.

"I don't know. I'm not hungry," she said.

"Why not?"

"I don't know; I'm just not."

The sun was going down. The room was small and suddenly cold.

"I've been trying to remember," she said, in the silent room, across from her cold, erect, golden-eyed husband.

"Remember what?" He sipped his wine.

"That song. That fine and beautiful song." She closed her eyes and hummed, but it was not the song. "I've forgotten it. And, somehow, I don't want to forget it. It's something I want always to remember." She moved her hands as if the rhythm might help her to remember all of it. Then she lay back in her chair. "I can't remember." She began to cry.

"Why are you crying?" he asked.

"I don't know, I don't know, but I can't help it. I'm sad and I don't know why, I cry and I don't know why, but I'm crying."

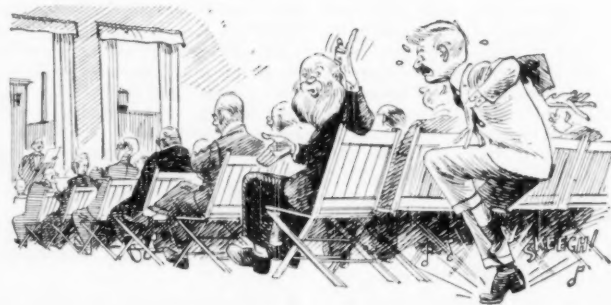
Her head was in her hands, her shoulders moved again and again.

"You'll be all right tomorrow," he said.

She did not look up at him, she looked only at the empty desert and the very bright stars coming out now on the black sky, and far away there was a sound of wind rising and canal waters stirring cold in the long canals. She shut her eyes, trembling.

"Yes," she said. "I'll be all right, tomorrow." ★

CANADIAN ECDOTE



A Favor from Mavor

STEPHEN LEACOCK told me this story about the absent-mindedness of Professor "Jimmy" Mavor, who was for nearly a third of a century professor of political economy in the University of Toronto.

There are many stories about Mavor and some of them, especially one or two that have a rather Rabelaisian tinge, are probably apocryphal; but Leacock, who was thinking at the time of writing an article on the subject, "Are professors absent-minded?" vouched for this one as authentic.

Soon after Leacock was appointed professor of political economy in McGill University he attended a meeting of the American Economic Association held in Toronto's King Edward Hotel. As he came through the rotunda he met Mavor and Professor Seligman of Columbia University.

Mavor said, "You two ought to know each other. Professor Seligman, this is Professor Lea-

cock of McGill. Why don't both of you come up and have dinner with me tonight at my house in the university grounds?"

Both Leacock and Seligman said they would be delighted to come. Leacock later presented himself at the front door of Mavor's house, which was on the site now occupied by the University of Toronto Press, only to find the house in darkness.

He rang the doorbell, but there was no response. He tried knocking at the back door, still no answer. He turned around sadly and made his way back to the hotel where he had a lonely meal in the grillroom.

He then went up to the evening session of the association. A professor was reading a paper and as Leacock made his way up the aisle his boots squeaked audibly.

Someone turned around and waggled a finger, "Sh-sh-sh! You shouldn't have missed this!" It was Mavor.—W. S. Wallace.

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Saskatoon: City in the Wheat

Continued from page 23

not been a good general crop in the plains area for the past four years? In 1945 the yield was the poorest since 1937. The famed Goose Lake area west of Saskatoon has not had a big crop for four years. But times remain good.

What is the answer to this apparent paradox? In the last few years a great new wheat-growing country to the northeast, the spectacularly fertile Carrot River Valley, has come into production. This has meant new money, new business for Saskatoon to take up the slack of low yields in other parts.

The price, which has been very right indeed, has been a big factor, too. A relatively small yield can mean a fair return and the relatively good prices of the last 10 years, augmented by Wheat Board interim payments, have put some fiscal fat on the wheat farmers' bones.

But, of course, when you get right down to it the prosperity and, in fact, the continued existence of Saskatoon depends on one thing—rain.

A grain merchant told me: "Let's not kid ourselves. This province has only one thing—wheat. Alberta has its oil and cattle and coal, but all we have is our wheat crop. We've grown plenty of it and we will grow plenty more, but we must have rain."

Even the children talk about the weather in Saskatoon. The mood of the people changes with the mood of the sky. Their eyes are constantly turned upward during the critical days of early summer.

Fields Lap at the Limits

Last summer there was rain on May 30, then the long dry days came. The wheat was stunted, parched. The hot winds blew, pushing ahead of them a dark pall of dust from the fields that recalled the days of the '30's when farm women wore goggles indoors at their suddenly hopeless tasks while their future, their past and their dreams blew into the Dakotas on the wings of a storm as black as the Angel of Death.

The winds recalled the grim humor of the story about the farmer in the dustbowl who ran outdoors one day when he heard thunder. He tripped, fell, and knocked himself out. Friends had to throw three buckets of dust in his face to revive him.

June was a grim month, full of heat as tense as the taut lines around anxious eyes. Until June 22. It rained that day. The dates come to mind as easily as the children's birthdays. It rained again and again and the rains which should have come in June came in July and in many areas the crop was saved. And for those who didn't get the rain at all there's always next year.

The people of Saskatoon itself are constantly reminded that they will always be living part of their lives in a dimension called "next year." It is a city set like an island in the wheat, the fields lapping at the limits like a changing sea. Yet it is growing mellow, growing up physically too.

Like most Western towns it was for many years laid out like the outline of a city. But a lively home and industrial building program have filled in the spaces between the sketch lines of its 13½ square miles.

For many years it was known as the Hub City. The latest figures list 117 wholesale houses distributing goods to a wide area. Twelve railway lines wheel out from the city and 98 industries are making and turning out egg powder,

dressings, vinegar, flour, packed meat, road machinery, caskets and linseed oil. This year Saskatoon received recognition as an industrial centre when M. A. East, who runs the John East Iron Works started by his father, was elected president of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association. This is the first time a prairie industrialist has headed the association.

The diminutive "Hub," easier to handle than the original Cree name "Mis-sask-quah-too-mina" which referred to a succulent prairie berry, was given wide usage except in Board of Trade literature. However, if current trend continues Saskatoon will soon be known as "The Prettiest Little City in Western Canada." This comes, not from the Cree, but from "Yessir, we're often told that we have the prettiest little city in Western Canada."

A Gamble on the West Bank

For many years the city, which lies on the east and west banks of the South Saskatchewan and is stitched together by six bridges, was like an attractive woman who wasn't too well groomed. The river was naturally beautiful and along its banks grew trees in natural profusion. But the city itself, laid out on the bald prairie, had to plant its own boulevards with elm and ash. The riverbank was unkempt and, while it had a certain primitive beauty, this was marred by the years' accumulation of empty beer bottles, ashes and the boudoirs of bindle stiffs waiting for the next freight.

One of the city's projects during the depression — toward which the province and Ottawa each paid a third — was the building of the concrete span now known as the Broadway Bridge. Another was the beautification of the riverbank. It has been terraced and grown to grass and trees. The Kiwanis Club built a riverside park close to downtown and placed a bandstand there. As a crowning touch, like a new hat, the CNR built the Bessborough Hotel on the west bank.

When a deputation went to Montreal to see Sir Henry Thornton in 1928 it took an idea for a hotel which would cost about \$1 million. Saskatoon needed a hotel desperately and was ready to waive taxes for 25 years.

Sir Henry shook his head. "Sorry, gentlemen," he said. "That is not what we have in mind for Saskatoon. Come with me." The deputation's hopes withered visibly. He took the Westerners to his home and showed the plans for the hotel which is now the Bessborough. The cost was \$3.5 millions for its 260 rooms, ballroom, private dining rooms and cafeteria. "That's the hotel Saskatoon should have," he said.

A Protest from the Beaver

The hotel was completed in 1931 but remained closed until 1935 when the trustees yielded to repeated sleeve pluckings on the part of Saskatoon civic groups and staked their new hostility against the depression. The gamble has paid off and the Bessborough, with 8,000 guests a month, shows an operating profit each year.

The hotel has provided a focal point for the social life of Saskatoon and has attracted at least 40 conventions a year, including the Canadian Medical Association which made the first telecast in Canada transmitting an image of an operation at the City Hospital to the delegates, and 5,000 young Lutherans who visited the city last year. Many of them remarked Saskatoon was the prettiest little city in Western Canada.

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taken the lead in lifting the face of the east bank of the river. The only active protest against all this civic improvement has come from a couple of beaver who live in the river just off Idylwyld, the city's choice residential district. Saskatchewan Crescent, Idylwyld's main stem, which starts at the old traffic bridge and ends at a brewery, is lined with fine trees. The beaver have gnawed down a couple of these.

The affection Saskatoon people feel for their trees, an affection that makes Joyce Kilmer's celebrated passion look pallid, sometimes strikes visitors as excessive. However, when you consider that it is almost easier to raise a family than a healthy tree you begin to understand their pride.

That Rolling Prairie Gait

One of the most eloquent expressions of this feeling for trees stands on the western limits of the city—a memorial avenue of elms. The avenue was begun by Mrs. A. H. Hanson and Mrs. J. W. A. Jarvis 26 years ago to honor the men who fell in World War I.

During World War II Saskatoon was a key air-training centre with its No. 4 S.F.T.S. and No. 7 Initial Training School. Many Australians, as blue as their flimsy greatcoats in the unaccustomed cold, went through No. 4. One of them recalled his days in Saskatoon after he got overseas by saying: "The coldest obscenity weather and the warmest obscenity hospitality of any place I've ever been."

The famed Saskatoon Light Infantry fought through the Italian campaign and moved on to Northwest Europe for the kill. The town contributed many sailors to the Royal Canadian Navy and today, with all three services vying for enlistments, the Navy is the first choice among young Saskatonians. At HMCS Unicorn, the Navy's headquarters in the city, they say the prairie boys make first-class seamen.

One of the veterans who went into business for themselves in Saskatoon after the war is former Leading Coder Orville Brown, 32, who grew up in the city. Orville has his own household-furnishings business.

"I had a rehab grant of \$480 and \$1,500 of my own when I started up in a shop 14 by 14 three years ago," he said recently in the little coffee bar he has set up for his staff of 14 in what used to be the coal bin under his store.

Orville's present store is big and bright on a main downtown corner. Last year he did a business of \$154,000. This year he will take in \$200,000. He owns his own car and a truck and next spring he will start work on a new house of his own design down by the river.

A Newspaper Was Handwritten

The presence of Orville and other young men and women like him who have chosen to settle down in Saskatoon has strengthened the structure of the community. It needs constant replenishing because the men and women who came west with the steel, and know Saskatoon's history best because they made it, are in their 70's now. Almost every day the name of one of them appears in the obituary columns of the Star-Phoenix.

The first real settlers, a bunch of Methodists from the East calling themselves the Temperance Colonization Society, planned Saskatoon as a dry city. Nature had helped, of course, and boosters still argue that the city's celebrated dryness makes temperatures down to 40 below painless and indeed exhilarating. But beer parlors (men only) and government liquor stores have brought an orderly wetness. The principles of the founders, however, are

not forgotten: In the Nutana district, on the east bank of the river, there is a street called Temperance.

In 1881 the pioneering Methodists were granted two million acres along the South Saskatchewan and they went the following year by train from Toronto to Moosomin which was the end of the CPR steel at that time. They went on by wagon and established their first camp at Clark's Crossing near the site of the city, on July 28 of that year.

The townsite was chosen the next year on the east bank of the river and 35 settlers attended the flag-raising ceremony on the ground now occupied by Nutatan Collegiate. A ferry was built in 1884 and the first handwritten copy of the first newspaper, the Saskatoon Sentinel, appeared.

The path of Saskatoon's growth can be traced on a wildly surging graph on which one of the peak periods was the giddy boom of 1910 to 1913. The city had 156 real-estate agencies alone. Building permits for 1912 were over \$7 millions. One group of enthusiasts sold shares in a project which they called Factoria out on the prairie close to town. Factoria was to be a manufacturing centre Pittsburgh style. A flour mill was actually built but when the boom collapsed it was abandoned. Land which sold recently for \$200 a foot sold then for from \$3,000 to \$4,000 a foot.

Not long ago S. E. ("Bally") Bushe, who runs a successful general insurance business in Saskatoon and Edmonton, recalled how he came to Saskatoon in 1911 from Winnipeg with \$4.40. He paid \$4 room rent for the week and bought a wild duck dinner for 25 cents. With the other 15 cents he bought a pack of cigarettes and, full of 22-year-old confidence, went to get a job.

He found one quickly with one of the real-estate agencies and soon was making \$350 a day in commissions. When he left on his honeymoon in June 1913 he figured he was worth close to \$150,000 on paper. On his return he was broke.

The Lily Was a Leaper

Through the story of Saskatoon's running (and winning) fight with forces of nature and economics runs a subplot full of conflict of a different kind—the long rivalry with Regina. This has cooled somewhat with the years, but the feeling is still there and, lavalike, bubbles unexpectedly. The rivalry is in the best tradition of intercity feuding such as Canadians have seen between Calgary and Edmonton, Montreal and Toronto.

Over the years the Saskatchewan cities have battled for the university, which went to Saskatoon; the General Motors plant, which went to Regina; and the new \$7 million hospital, now being built as part of the university.

Plans announced last fall for a new blacktop road, No. 2, running from the U. S. border through Regina to Waskesiu National Park north of Prince Albert, did not include Saskatoon even as a way station. As a matter of fact, this road, a pike for visiting Americans, would miss Saskatoon by about 50 miles. Saskatonians who claim they can detect signs of chicanery, Regina style, in this arrangement say they will have more to say before the route is finally settled.

The blond dolomite (a type of field stone quarried nearby) walls of the university have no ivy outside, few legends inside, except possibly the one about Victoria the hen. Her real name ran to seven serial numbers which no one could remember, so the men at the agricultural college, whose hearts leaped at the mere sight of her egg-production record, called her Victoria.

Soon after World War I a group of engineers formed an informal club for the purpose of applying their newly acquired calculus to the problem of filling inside straights. At the end of each evening's research they would go downtown to a Chinese restaurant for a chicken dinner supplied by one of the group after a visit to the university henhouse.

After one of these late suppers word went out that Victoria was missing. And the real pity of it all was that, according to the story, she was tough eating.

The university (registration 3,200 this term) is a provincial institution. It will receive five new buildings in addition to the hospital as a result of a current \$9,925,000 expansion program.

Saskatoon has produced only one sports champion—Ethel Catherwood, who ignored the added burden of the sobriquet, "The Saskatoon Lily," to win the women's high jump at the 1928 Olympics. The city has produced some finalists but, at this writing, no Dominion championship teams.

"Sure, Jules Is a Big Shot"

However, Saskatoon's playground rinks and commercial league (21 teams last year) continue to provide the major and minor pro-hockey leagues with players. This year's program used by the Quakers, Saskatoon's senior hockey team, proudly lists the local boys who turn on a dime for money in the big league: Bob Dawes, Vic Lynn and Harry Watson, with the Leafs; Pat Lundy, Syd Abel, Jerry Couture, Gordon Howe and Keith Burgess, with the Detroit Red Wings; Hal Laycoe, with Boston; and Charlie Rayner (he really comes from Sutherland, a suburb and location of the CPR yards), with the Rangers.

The program also includes the names of the Bentley brothers. But as anyone in Regina can tell you they come from Delisle, not Saskatoon.

Saskatoon's rink was built during the depression when \$100,000 was collected through the sale of \$10 bonds to the public. Every time another \$1,000 was raised whistles and sirens told the people.

The pioneer spirit, the pioneer way of doing things together for the good of the community to the accompaniment of some of the liveliest manifestations of civic spirit, is still a part of Saskatoon. It's as much a part of it as the city's wide streets, the men's wide hat brims and Shy Stotter who has been shining shoes in the basement of the King George Hotel for the last 30 years.

Shy likes to bring you up-to-date while he slowly and expertly shines your shoes.

"Fred Woolhouse, Les Skinner—they're both doctors now. Doing well," he said recently as his thick fingers gently smeared the polish. "Do you ever see Jules Fontaine down East?"

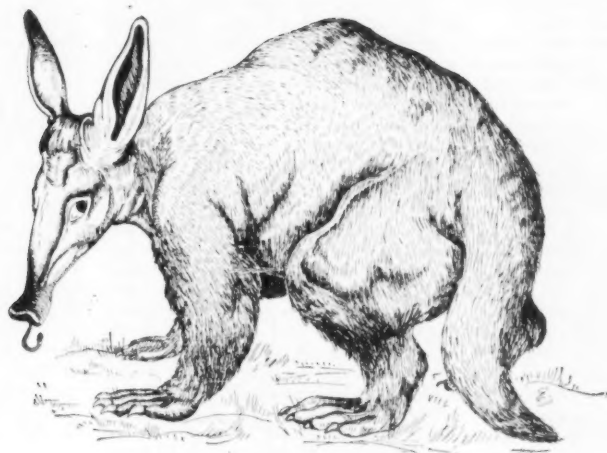
What was the name? Shy straightened up. His expression said, "Are you sure you come from Saskatoon?"

"Jules Fontaine—you must have known him. He was foot runner, now he's a book auditor. Jules is a big shot down East. He had a brother Joe," said Shy.

There was a Joe Fortin.

"That's him. He comes to see me when he's in town. They all come to see Shy. If you see Jules Fontaine down East you tell him Shy was asking after him," finishing a shoe with a soft snap of the cloth.

That's the message from Shy. He was asking after you, Jules. And another thing—Remember Saskatoon? Well sir, it's become the prettiest little city in Western Canada. ★



would you make a pet of an **AARDVARK?**

Chances are you would pass him up for something more familiar. Like a dog or a cat or a canary bird. Most people are wary of taking things into their homes that they haven't heard of before.

And that is true of every kind of article they buy. When it comes to a choice of brands, they usually pick the one with the well-known name.

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What then, makes a new name into a household word, and . . . the first choice of the buying public?

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Every new product placed on the market must pass the test of consumer acceptance, or the padlocks go on the factory door. *Every well-known brand has passed that test.* Each one started the same way — limited production for a small test area. As its reputation grew, the area of acceptance grew — from a city or town, to several cities and towns, to a province, to several provinces.

Finally after still greater acceptance, over a still longer period of time, the product is distributed across the nation. At this time it becomes *nationally advertised.*

● *So you see, when a product is advertised nationally it is really a guarantee of its quality. National advertising is the final O.K. It is the nation's stamp of approval.*

Look for the products that are "nationally advertised in Maclean's" during 1950. It is your guarantee that they are nationally approved in Canada.

* A burrowing and ant-eating African mammal, about the size of a pig, with long protrusile tongue, and strong digging fore feet.

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Going Steady's Strictly Business

Continued from page 19

a downtown supper dance. Coming home from the second one Jerry popped the question and the deal was on.

Jerry stopped going out with other girls. Beth turned down all invitations until word got around that she had a steady and offers stopped coming in. The terms of going steady are observed more scrupulously than those of marriage. Cheating is very rare. Word gets around and the arrangement is solemnly accepted by other members of the same school.

Beth and Jerry began wearing one another's jackets—a part of the ritual. Other objects of exchange are rings, pins, identification bracelets, bushcoats and sweaters. Some clothing manufacturers make twin sweater sets to sell to high-school students for the purpose, but usually the youngsters just exchange what they happen to be wearing. Some girls make a point of buying big, sloppy sizes in the boys' departments so that when the right boy comes along romance won't die of a misfit.

The custom of exchanging clothes has weird results. Generally, the bigger the boy friend the better, so that a girl wearing a bushcoat that makes her look as if she had poked her head through the top of a wool tent has come deliriously close to the millennium.

Beth and Jerry behave toward one another very much as if they were married. They are possessive, intimate and casual to the point of rudeness. Besides going to important school dances together they usually meet after school and several evenings through the week.

When they don't see one another they have long phone conversations about mutual acquaintances, football scores and general chit-chat. Beth's father has been reported twice by his telephone party.

In all this—Beth's initial starry-eyed ecstasy for the idea having petered out—there is a marked absence of youthful shyness, awkwardness or breathless adoration. They refer to one another in insulting terms, including "beetle" and "bag." They accept one another in a matter-of-fact way that makes it hard to imagine what they get out of it.

War Gave Things a Boost

And if Beth and Jerry ever want to call it off they can "divorce" as easily as changing a shoe. Jerry, in fact, could simply call up and say, "Look, tomato, we're not going steady any more." But this could mean the dead loss of his pins, rings, records and other swapped property—even his jacket.

Some youths are more subtle. When their affections have strayed and they want to try their luck with a new girl they approach the old steady with a sympathetic story about how exams are crowding up, how finances are hopeless, how it would be better for both of them to go their separate ways, for the time being at least. (Of course, the girl knows it's the old brush-off, but what can she do and keep hold of her dignity?) By degrees then, they retrieve their own property and part.

If a youth pulls this play too often he's tagged by the girls as a bad bet for a steady, but he can still have himself a time as a "bachelor."

The girl, though, often goes through an agonizing time waiting for the word to get around that she is free again. Sometimes this wait can be heart-breaking.

"I'll never go steady again," one

disillusioned youngster told me. "The boy I went with sent me a note and said he couldn't afford to go out with girls at all. It was just a line. I saw him with another girl two days later. I sat around for three months before I even got a date."

But here's the male angle: "You get going with a girl and—well—you just get tired of her, but you don't want to hurt her feelings. It's grim."

This, his jilted steady claimed, was pure chicken (chicken, in the days of coonskin coats and ukuleles, suggested allure in a woman, now means timidity in a man). "He should have told me long ago. It would have been a lot easier."

Going steady, like marriage, has sociological and economic roots. The practice, as it is generally known today, began during the war when most parents were better heeled than they'd been for years and less likely to be at home. When Junior announced that he wanted to date a certain girl it was easier to hand him say \$5 and tell him to take her out on the town and be back at 12, than to have him invite her home and be obliged to help them enjoy themselves.

Movies, dances and dinners, with transportation provided by the family car, became routine, until today for a teen-age boy to date a girl is a major-league investment. A big first date itemized by a 16-year-old Parkdale Collegiate student: gas for the car, \$1; movie, \$1.20; snack afterward, 80 cents; dance \$2.50. Total: \$5.50.

"I get seven bucks a week spending money," an unusually well-heeled Toronto Riverdale student told me. "A guy can't take many girls out on that."

1950: "After Me, My Dear!"

The whole thing is solved by having a steady. A big evening or two to make an impression and from then on you can coast along on dimes and quarters. You can go for walks; collegiate clubs, you can go to the corner Coke stand; in an emergency you can go home. And if things get really desperate you can go Dutch, the girl paying her own way.

For the girl it solves the same problem in an indirect way. With the cost of living as it is boys can't afford many first dates. A girl who is exceptionally popular can still have herself a time, but irresistible charm in teenagers is as rare as it is in adults, and a girl who has to make the best of average looks is liable to wait around for quite a while between dates. With a steady she can relax, just like a woman with a husband.

"A girl likes to know that she's going to be asked to the big dances," said a Form III student. "And she likes to know that she won't have to sit around Saturday nights."

All this has been given tremendous momentum by the youthful habit of following fads. The more young people go steady, the more who want to go steady. This is particularly true of girls who are keenly conscious of their popularity and liable to feel left out of it when a bunch of the girls get together to talk shop.

"They show one another their pins and bracelets and tell how it was all they could do to defend themselves," said a slightly embittered woman English teacher. "If we could get them comparing notes on Shakespeare the way they compare notes on boy friends they'd all turn in honor papers."

There is another, more practical, inducement. Groups of boys and girls going steady are inclined to stick together, to go to the same dances together; so that a girl whose friends are all going steady is sometimes almost

forced to line herself up a steady or to be left out of things.

Going steady, like many marriages, obtains security and convenience at the cost of dulling the social senses. Both parties begin to take one another for granted; holding chairs, opening doors, paying compliments, are all unnecessary. Crossing busy streets the boy frequently swivel-hips his way through heavy traffic while the girl makes out the best she can behind him.

"The way things are going," says the proprietor of a soda fountain across from a North Toronto high school, "it will soon be that the height of courtesy in a boy will be to wait on the other side of the street to see how the girl makes out."

Nothing is to be gained by courtship. Competition is finished for the time being. The art of conversation suffers. The boy begins to act much like the man who reads at the breakfast table.

At dances he dances with his steady all night. The feeling of responsibility for seeing that everyone has a good time has gone by the boards, along with the practice of taking a girl gifts.

Cheap Thrills From Sex

I asked one girl if boys ever brought her gifts, such as chocolates or flowers. She asked me to repeat it three times before she understood what I was talking about.

"I'd die of embarrassment," she told me.

"Why? I asked.

"To think I'd picked such a square," she chirped.

Dance programs, in which the names of dancing partners used to be written, are now mostly given away as souvenirs, the way little birchbark canoes are given to visitors to Niagara Falls. Nobody uses them any more. A plain girl is liable to sit alone at a dance all night. Any boy who went to the rescue of a wallflower might be looked on as a bit queer.

There are other, more serious, aspects to going steady. In spite of the many changes that have taken place in teen-age behavior girls are still naturally modest. Teen-age girls and boys frequently don't kiss on first dates.

Even on subsequent outings, when a bit of sexual sparring takes place, it's still a reasonably innocuous game that keeps both parties on their toes—the boy trying to make time with any technique he can dream up, from an elaborate show of indifference to what he considers an irresistible line; and the girl trying to keep him at a safe distance without discouraging him altogether.

But when they go steady things get warmer. The better the girl knows the boy, the more confidence and security she feels; and the more likely she is to get experimental. Yet, as most courting goes on in the front seat of cars and temporarily deserted living rooms, it's not likely that anything dangerous is reached as often as some adults think it is. But it can get pretty rugged, especially for the boys; and can have bad psychological effects on the girls, too.

"The more skilful young people become at getting cheap thrills out of sex," a well-known psychologist stated, "the less likely they are to meet the sexual demands of marriage."

So it seems that going steady has really little to offer. It brings none of the responsibilities that teach something of life. It has none of the give and take found between husband and wife. When the going gets rough, when something better comes along, or when either party just gets bored, it folds up.

There's really nothing steady about it. ★

The Case of the Seduced Servant

Continued from page 17

crown prosecutor who had often opposed Rivard in earlier years and who was not known for any partiality toward, or sympathy for, the defense in the cases he heard, seemed touched. The jury and many spectators wept openly.

But despite Rivard's tearful plea the crown prosecutor, in his summing up, methodically and skilfully supplanted the defense argument with the cold, irrefutable fact that the defendant had committed an act of murder by her own admission. He hammered it home to the jury that they were there not to judge the man Lamothe, but merely to decide whether the accused girl was guilty of murder or not.

The prosecutor concluded his long summation with a final burst of oratory: "You have heard the defendant admit that she took her master's service revolver and, coldly and deliberately, fired not one but four bullets into his sleeping daughter! That was murder! In cold blood, she wilfully and premeditatedly murdered a young girl whom she admits had never done her harm. For that awful crime she must pay with her own life!"

An excited buzzing filled the courtroom. In the prisoner's dock the pallid young woman wept silently. To just about everyone in the courtroom it looked as if Rivard had bitten off more than he could chew. It was obviously an open and shut case of murder. The Crown Prosecutor, strode confidently back to his desk, sat down, and gave the tubby defense attorney a triumphant look.

"All Right! Let Her Hang!"

Now it was time for Rivard to make his final address to the jury. It was the critical moment of the trial, Rivard's last chance to save his client's life.

Everyone sat back, prepared for the same long, tearful argument Rivard had made in his opening address and all during the trial. All of them realized that the Crown prosecutor had succeeded in breaking the spell, and that even the great Rivard could hardly use the same old material again with the same results. But what else could he say?

Slowly Rivard rose from his chair. His head was down, his shoulders sagged, and he looked, for once, like a defeated man—no longer cocky or confident.

Slowly he walked over to the jury as the court stenographers poised their pencils. Slowly he passed a small, chubby hand over his round face and through his hair. Then, slowly and with studied deliberation, he took off his black-horn-rimmed spectacles, and he looked strangely nude in his black robes without them. His unhurried, deliberate movements seemed to hypnotize the jurors and the spectators both. His timing was superb. For nearly a minute he just stared at the jurors.

Then, without introduction, or even a "gentlemen of the jury," the paunchy little lawyer waved his spectacles and shrugged his shoulders expressively.

"All right," he said quietly in a resigned but slowly rising voice. "All right! Find her guilty! Let her be hanged! One day soon, over your coffee, you will read in your morning paper that she is dead. And perhaps as you walk down Grande Allee that morning on your way to work, you will see Lamothe . . ." He pronounced it "La-mutt" and made it sound like a spit. And he turned slowly and pointed at the provincial policeman. ". . . Yes,

perhaps you will see Lamothe walking up Grand Allee . . . with another girl." Without saying another word, Rivard turned, walked back to his desk and sat down.

Rivard's amazing plea and its unexpected brevity (it is one of the shortest ever delivered) left the court bug-eyed. The judge enquired incredulously, "Is that all you have to say, *Maitre Rivard*?"

"Yes, your Honor," Rivard replied quietly.

After the judge's routine remarks the jury filed out. In less than two hours it was back. The verdict: Guilty of manslaughter, with a strong recommendation for mercy. Justice Cannon sentenced her to four years in prison (she served only two), and another victory was chalked up for the remarkable little lawyer.

Obviously, Rivard's veiled implication that Lamothe would go out and do the same thing again was the spark needed to switch the jurors' thoughts back to his earlier emotional argument, and convince them that Lamothe's act was sufficient provocation. But many of Rivard's legal friends break out in a cold sweat when they think of this case. They consider that Rivard took a tremendous chance—a chance few other lawyers would dare to take—when he staked his case and the life of his client on a 58-word summary.

Rivard has never been able to resist a good case—even when it might hurt him in public favor, or aid a political opponent. Although he is a Union Nationale standard-bearer he has often been retained by a Liberal government and by prominent Liberal politicians. The most famous instance of this was the controversial Power case of the mid-thirties.

It began one night in the swank Jacques Cartier Room of Quebec's Chateau Frontenac Hotel when Bill Power, son of the late Hon. Gerald Power, then President of the Legislative Council and a leading Liberal and close friend of Premier Taschereau, asked Tanguay, the orchestra leader, to play "Pink Elephants" and "Yes, We Have No Bananas." The busy orchestra didn't get around to playing the requests.

During the intermission Power went to the bandstand, seized Tanguay and began shaking him, and according to some, punched him. The orchestra leader fell to the floor unconscious. All efforts to revive him failed. He was rushed to the hospital where he died without regaining consciousness.

Angry Mobs at the Jail

Power's assault had provoked a near riot on the dance floor, for Tanguay was extremely popular in Quebec. It took a dozen policemen to get the wealthy young playboy out of the hotel safely. But when it became known that Tanguay was dead, all Quebec seemed to rise in anger.

The reaction of the public made it impossible to hush up the affair. Reluctantly, Premier Taschereau, as Attorney-General, ordered his friend's son arrested on a charge of manslaughter.

When the charge was announced angry mobs surrounded the jail and the Parliament Buildings. They wanted the charge to be murder. There were threats of lynching, for Tanguay had risen to fame from the squalor of Lowertown St. Sauvere, while the Powers lived in a mansion on fashionable Grand Allee.

It was a delicate situation for the Liberal Government. They knew that if Bill Power was defended by a Liberal lawyer and acquitted there would be howls of protest and charges of "fixing."



The things a boy can't be expected to know

Reassure him, Dad. A caged tiger will never harm him, but how is a seven-year-old to know?

So often, the things he fears are harmless, and things he never thinks of are the real hazards. It is your biggest job as a father to protect your son against the dangers that never cross a boy's mind.

One of these is the danger to his own future if you should no longer be there to assure it. What *would* happen to your children and their mother, if you should die?

As a father, you are irreplaceable. As a provider, you *can* be replaced by life insurance. It is likely that you have some life insurance, but is it enough in the face of today's living costs?

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On the other hand it would be an unbearable scandal if the son of one of their leaders was sent to penitentiary.

After a hurried conference of the government leaders Premier Taschereau and the Hon. Gerald Power asked Rivard to take the case.

The temptation to refuse was great. Rivard knew that the case could greatly hurt his popularity. And as a politician he realized it would be potential political dynamite for the other side if a lawyer who was not generally recognized as a staunch Conservative acted for the defense. But he took the case.

From the point of view of public opinion it was Rivard's most difficult and most unpopular case. When it was announced that he was to defend Power there were enraged shouts of "traitor" at first. But Rivard's first move did a lot to cool off the public. He elected a trial by jury, thus letting the people know that they and not a government-appointed judge would be deciding the case.

At the trial it was established that Tanguay had a weak heart and that young Power had had too much to drink on the fatal night. As Rivard addressed the jury he knew that he was speaking not only to those 12 men but to all Quebec.

"I took this case," he said, "because I believe the defendant is innocent of the crime of which he is charged. The fact that he is the son of a government leader and the son of a wealthy family should not be held against him. That is certainly not his fault. We are supposed to give equal justice to all, regardless of their position in life. Judge this boy as what he is, not what his father is."

"He is just a young, impetuous youth at an age when all boys get a bit wild. He drank too much that night. But which one of you can say he has never done the same? He shook Tanguay. But he did not know he had a weak heart. Tanguay died because he had a weak heart and not because of anything the defendant did."

"It was a regrettable accident and the defendant is deeply sorry for his part in it. He has learned his lesson. He is a changed boy . . . You can either ruin this young man's life because an unreasoning mob shouts for his blood because he is the son of a wealthy politician, or you can show him justice despite the fact that he is the son of a wealthy politician."

"It is a grave decision you are about to make. You must be guided by your consciences . . . You can give, or you can deny justice. The choice is yours."

Two Men at a Banquet

The jury deliberated many days and finally reported that they were unable to reach a verdict. Rivard was elated. He knew that they would probably have to wait a year for the second trial and he felt that after the furore died down he would have a better chance of winning. He was right.

At the second trial Bill Power was found not guilty of manslaughter but guilty of common assault. He was fined \$25. Strangely enough there was not a murmur of protest. Rivard had applied his "courtroom psychology" to an entire city and he had changed its thinking.

Rivard has been concerned with politics almost as long as he has been concerned with law. Twenty-nine years ago at a Conservative Party banquet in the old Place Vighey Hotel in Montreal two young lawyers found themselves placed at an obscure table in a dark corner. One was Rivard, the other Maurice Duplessis.

"Perhaps," said Duplessis with a

wistful smile, "perhaps one day we will be seated at the head table instead of in a forgotten corner."

"Mais oui," replied Rivard. "They do not know that they have hidden from view two men of great future importance."

From that night in 1920 the two remained close friends. Both campaigned in the 1921 federal elections, but their candidate was so badly defeated that he retired from politics. Six years later Duplessis was elected to the Quebec Parliament and Rivard won his first murder case, the famous Gallop trial. (See "The Case of the Beauty and the Boarder," Maclean's, Dec. 15.)

In the 1926 federal elections the Conservatives of Quebec County asked Rivard to stand. But, lost in the intricacies of a four-year trial, he refused. Despite this he found time to campaign in every provincial and federal election. When the Taschereau Government crumbled in 1936 Rivard was named special crown prosecutor for murder cases and appeals under the Duplessis Government.

Rivard represented the Crown in 275 appeals, lost only 16. He prosecuted 13 persons for murder, sent 12 to the gallows.

Then, in 1939, he broke with Duplessis over conscription. A World War I veteran and Legion member (Rivard rose in the ranks from private to lieutenant and served in Siberia) he was also active in the Reserve Army as a major. However, he supported Duplessis in the 1939 election which the Union Nationale lost to the Liberals.

Murders Are His Movie Fare

By 1944 the rift was closed and Duplessis asked Rivard to run as Union Nationale candidate for Quebec centre, a Liberal stronghold. The little lawyer's campaign was marked by bitter feuds with his own organizers. Accustomed to his own brand of courtroom oratory Rivard found himself handed prepared speeches, violently nationalistic and anti-British. He had orders to read them as written. "He was awful," a reporter later remarked.

He was crushingly defeated, his pride hurt, and he refused the victorious Duplessis' offer to make him crown prosecutor.

But the sting of the first defeat brought Rivard's hat into the ring in 1948; this time he insisted on writing his own speeches. Duplessis agreed. Rivard turned up among the farmers and factory workers of Montmagny riding in morning coat and striped pants, tossed his carefully planned campaign schedule into the ashcan, and, in the last three weeks, delivered himself of 227 speeches, all but two extemporaneous. His persuasive courtroom manner brought him a record majority of 700 votes.

In December, 1948, Duplessis made him *Ministère d'Etat*. Today he is considered the man most likely to succeed Le Boss.

Rivard is completely bilingual, has traveled all Canada, has close friends in the legal profession in all provinces. At bar association conventions, which he never misses, he has played a leading role in conferences on the uniformity of Canadian law. A stubborn defender of Canadian rights, he is also a sincere advocate of greater national unity.

Nevertheless he is not above capitalizing on Canadian nationalism. After delivering an election speech once he repeated it in English for radio listeners. Immediately the audience began to shout: "Speak French, Antoine!" Rivard quickly clapped a hand over the microphone and quipped back, in French, "I only speak English

when I have to." He continued in English while the crowd roared approval.

Rivard's big drawbacks in politics are his short stature and his pride. When greeting visitors in his office he usually contrives to remain seated so as not to advertise his size.

Rivard is no longer very active in his law firm, but he puts in a busy day. He rises at 6.30, is at Laval University by 8 a.m. He lectures on the practical procedures of civil law until 9, then goes to his law office. At 10 he arrives at the Parliament Buildings. His office, with its moth-eaten mooseheads, thick brown rugs, rows of legal tomes and squat bulky desk, is impressively official.

A Pole Was Shot Dead

At his cluttered desk, from which the Quebec flag rises like the standard of an embattled legation, he dictates answers to the more than 50 letters which reach him daily. Despite his oratorical ability he cannot use a dictaphone but speaks directly to his brunette secretary. He writes out important letters in a fast scrawling longhand. Then he begins a round of conferences with other cabinet members while his secretary sorts out callers in his outer office.

A heavy eater, Rivard takes two hours for lunch. "It is not good to gulp and run," he says. He usually works in his office until 6.30. He works at home three nights a week, spends two more representing the Government at some banquet or function.

One night a week he plays tennis, curls, or sees an English movie—usually a murder thriller. Sundays he spends with his family, which includes a married daughter and two grandchildren.

At 59 "Tony" Rivard can look back on a crowded legal career, forward to a perhaps even more crowded political one. Hardly a year has passed since 1926 when he has not held a human life in his hands. He may be said to have saved the lives of 35 people charged with murder.

Rivard once defended a man charged with murdering his wife in a doorstep quarrel late one winter's night—He got off with a \$50 fine for assault. Another time, in less than seven hours, before two juries, Rivard won acquittals for two clients who had signed confessions of murder.

Once a known sex pervert took a young boy canoeing. The boy's nude body was later washed up on the shore and medical evidence showed that he had been criminally attacked. The man was tried and sentenced to death. But Rivard, after careful on-the-spot detective work, was able to show that the two had had intimate relations before the fatal trip. The second trial lasted only a few minutes. The accused was sentenced to 10 years for manslaughter.

All these are marked down as victories in the Rivard case book. As a prosecutor who sent 12 out of 14 men to the gallows he was equally successful. But there was one case Rivard would just as soon forget. That was in 1936 when his first job as public prosecutor was to send his best friend to his death.

Early that year Hughes Lanctot, a mining prospector in northern Quebec, had pulled a revolver from his pocket and shot a Pole between the eyes because he believed the man had been making improper advances to his 12-year-old son.

Lanctot happened to be the son of Charles Lanctot, for 30 years Deputy Attorney-General of the province and actual boss of the Quebec crown attorneys and Provincial Police. The case was full of political implications. Maurice Duplessis, still not in power,

charged that the Taschereau Government was "protecting" young Lanctot. The Government promptly caused Lanctot to be arraigned for murder. But before the trial could go on an election had swept Duplessis into office.

As the new prosecutor Rivard was called in to handle the case. He tried to duck the job. Hughes Lanctot and he were the same age, had played together as children, had grown up as brothers. He told Duplessis he'd rather be defending Lanctot. But *Le Boss* gave him little choice: Take the case or be banned to political limbo.

The trial opened in Quebec in the autumn of 1936. Rivard started the fireworks even before the jury was selected. He demanded the Provincial Police be barred from the trial. He argued that the defendant's father had been their boss for 30 years and that they were still loyal to him. The debate lasted all day, but Rivard won. The RCMP were called in to take charge of the jury.

The case was bitterly fought. The defense proved that the dead Pole had made advances to the accused man's son. But Rivard produced scores of witnesses to the killing who testified that Lanctot had shot the Pole between the eyes without giving him a chance to say a word. A death sentence seemed certain.

But Rivard had a last-minute surprise. In his summation he painstakingly reviewed all the evidence and, to the surprise of everyone, asked the jury to pay particular attention to the

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fact that the dead Pole had molested the defendant's son and that Lanctot had been under great mental stress.

"The Crown does not ask you to return a verdict of murder in this case," he concluded. "The Crown will accept a verdict of guilty of manslaughter."

"You Only Did Your Duty"

The jury did as Rivard requested, and Judge Cannon sentenced Hughes Lanctot to 12 years for manslaughter. Rivard had effected a compromise. He had appeased Rivard the lawyer by winning the case; he had appeased Rivard the politician by sending Lanctot to prison; and he had appeased Rivard the man by saving his friend's life.

On a foggy fall morning a few years ago Lanctot finished serving his sentence, with time off for good behavior. As the penitentiary gates clanged behind him he saw a short, fat little man through the fog.

"Tony!" he exclaimed.

"Hello, Hughes," Rivard greeted him. "Are we still friends?"

"I hold no grudge against you, Tony," Lanctot replied. "You only did your duty. And besides, I think you probably saved my life."

And Antoine Rivard and Hughes Lanctot walked off into the fog arm-in-arm. ★

At Least, Life Won't Be Dull

Continued from page 16

others that 10 years or so back the internal combustion engine had been invented, and what was to prevent the Wright brothers putting such an engine into a glider? As if a kite could carry the weight of an engine plus a human being! But that was exactly what the Wright brothers accomplished in 1903. The silly newspapers played it up but then newspapers will do anything for a sensational headline.

No, we felt that the pattern of our lives was established and would not alter in anything but slight social changes which are inseparable from a world that is growing up.

Admittedly a newfangled device was being patronized by a few faddists who liked to pretend they were being progressive. It was called the telephone and, despite a lot of distortion and accompanying noises, you could hear someone at the end of a wire saying something.

A cantankerous Scot named Alexander Graham Bell was the chief inventor of this scourge upon human privacy. He came to Canada where he brought the device to a workable development and then went to the U. S. where he opened a service in New Haven, Conn., with 21 subscribers who could all listen in to the distortions and noises off and such conversation as they could pick up.

As all Scots eventually invade London our dauntless Alexander Graham Bell went to the Metropolis and opened a service in 1879. There were exactly eight subscribers, which does not surprise me. To this day an Englishman takes up the telephone as if it might explode in his hand, while his reply to a call is to take off the receiver and say: "Are you theah?"

But in 1900 we had a gracious way of living in which there was no need or desire for the telephone. For example, on New Year's Day my father took my brothers and sisters and myself to call on friends and relatives. No less than three of my father's friends asked him if he would like a drop of cough medicine and in each case he said it might do his cold good; all this with much winking and laughing which were almost as puzzling to us as the fact that father had never shown any signs of having a cold.

Once a Living Theatre

In those days a young man would wait outside the church on choir practice night in the hope of seeing his beloved Arabella emerge, much as the aristocracy were waiting at the stage door of the Gaiety in London. A lover did not call up his girl and say: "What about it, baby? Same place, same time tomorrow?" He walked in those sylvan glades where she might be, or passed her house at a time when she might be reading on the veranda. They wrote letters to each other—and a letter is something that one can read a hundred times, whereas a telephone conversation dies as the receiver is replaced.

I can remember the hilarity with which we saw the first motor car appear on the streets of Toronto. Horses went crazy and tried to climb lamp posts or hurl themselves through shop windows. Perhaps the horse was wiser than the rest of us and saw in this panting rattling monstrosity the death sentence to its long four-legged reign.

There was no windscreen on the automobile, the speed was about 15

miles an hour, and whenever it stopped, which it did every few miles, the driver had to lie on his back underneath its belly. An amusing novelty which would have its day.

It did not occur to us that by the time the 20th century had covered half its allotted span the motor car would not only have become the greatest mass murderer in all history, but by its numbers would slow up traffic in the great cities to something far slower than during the era of the horse.

In 1900 our amusements were clearly defined and the people of that time did not see any necessity for change no matter how many hundreds or thousands of years the world might go on. We had the living theatre where such stars as Henry Irving, Forbes Robertson, Lewis Waller, Sarah Bernhardt and Richard Mansfield used to bring their companies. We had choral societies that would rehearse for months and then burst forth into "The Messiah" or "Elijah," sometimes with soloists direct from New York.

Paderewski played in our concert hall, and Caruso sang. There were authors, too, who came from New York and London and read extracts from their books, but we were more for music. In fact we were all musicians of sorts. The girl who couldn't play the piano was practically out of the marriage market and a young woman had to be a pretty poor bungler not to ensnare her victim as he turned the pages and his face brushed against her golden tresses.

We belonged to amateur operatic societies, choral societies, church choirs and even minstrel shows. Edison had turned out a gramophone but we preferred our own voices to those which came squeaking from the wax cylinder. There was also a good deal of card playing in such games as whist and euchre although the all-powerful Methodist Church frowned heavily upon it and threatened us with hellfire.

A Torrent of Machines

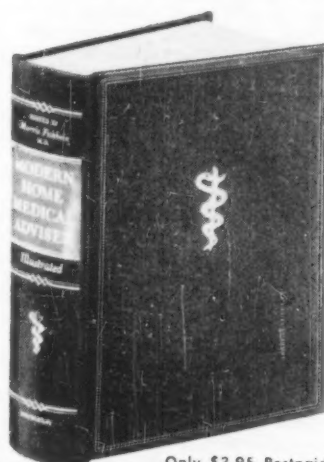
In short, we made our own enjoyment, developing such talents as we possessed, and in our leisure time we read books. Dickens, Thackeray, Scott, Mark Twain, Victor Hugo, Wells, Bennett, Shaw, Wilde, Tolstoy, Balzac, Galsworthy . . . The standardization of wireless, the talkies and the funnies had not yet arrived.

It is true that just before the 20th century was born there was a newsreel flicker picture of the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight which showed the two boxers shaking as if they had palsy, while streaks of light cut crazily across the screen. In 1903 we were mildly amused by a full-length flicker picture called "Life of an American Fireman," but our interest grew when it was followed by "The Great Train Robbery." The moving picture had begun its relentless march.

Politically, there seemed no cause for undue worry. The Kaiser was throwing his weight about in Europe and the Boers were being disagreeable to the British in South Africa, but trade was expanding and there were toasts to 100 years of peace as the new century was born.

Yet now that we can look back on the first 50 years of the 20th century we can see that never was an era born under such a malignant star. In two world wars, and in the years between them, we saw the development of scientific murder raised to a level that no madman ever dared to dream of. We watched the war against the human body and the human soul being waged with a cruelty even the Dark Ages could not equal. Under the stimulus of war we saw the airplane

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annihilate distance and shrivel the world like a walnut.

The machine age was on us like a torrent . . . motor cars, radio sets, talkies, gramophones, television, refrigerators, jet planes. Now, in 1950, we are a race of twiddlers and turners in an age of gadgets. Science had two great victories which will never be forgotten—the discovery of penicillin and the explosion of an atom bomb over Hiroshima.

It would be childish to sneer at the fierce pace of scientific development in these 50 years. We may assume an attitude of lofty superiority toward the jingle-jangle world of today but which of us could honestly say that we would like to be without the motor car, the telephone, the cinema and the radio? The mistake has been to confuse these adjuncts to life with life itself.

Nor can it be argued that the human spirit has declined despite the horrors of the two wars. Youth has not lost its sense of adventure nor grudging its rich young blood to save humanity from tyranny and a thousand years of darkness. Nor has the human conscience been mechanized or bludgeoned. Fitfully, but earnestly, men in every part of the world are feeling toward a brotherhood of man.

Then what can we see in the crystal? Watchmen, what of the second half

of the 20th century? In the year 2000 what will the then author of the London Letter have to say about the completed century?

It could be the most glorious 50 years in history if only men would realize that this is one world. Science has it in its power, if it could be relieved of devising bigger and better methods of mass slaughter, to create an age of plenty and of moderate leisure. Atomic energy rightly directed might well reduce the working hours by a third and thus give some meaning and some chance to the education which we crowd compulsorily upon our children.

Children Will Be Taller

However, I cannot see the years 1950-2000 as a period of harmony and calm. The struggle of totalitarianism vs. individualism has to be fought although the decision can only be one of compromise; the struggle of Communism vs. Christendom has to be won or lost; and it is hard for Christ's voice to be heard above the clang of war foundries and the roar of battle planes.

Domestically our successors will have to find a way for management and workers to combine as partners without impairing the rights of either. And somehow the nations must achieve either a common currency or complete

convertibility of currencies. With some confidence I predict that medical science will not discover a cure for the common cold.

There will be new forms of art which will be hailed alternately as the last word in genius or the very climax of vulgarity. Neither will be true, but that will not matter. There will never be another Beethoven, Wagner or Shakespeare because in their spheres they left practically nothing unsaid. So the creative mind will search for new heavens and new hells and will find them.

Children will be healthier than in 1900 and when they grow up they will be taller than their parents or grandparents. Unless they are destroyed by atomic bombs or germ warfare people will live longer, thus creating an economic as well as a pathological problem. The age of retirement will be later than now, which will bring the elderly in conflict with the middle-aged.

The flying motor car is almost a certainty, so that if there are no wars we shall still be able to rely upon a progressive reduction of surplus population.

What of religion? In 1900 the Church was the centre of our activities—today it is a solace to some, a social duty to others. To a greater number it is a building that one passes on the

way to the country. We are too proud of our scientific achievements to make that ancient sacrifice of a humble and contrite heart.

"The glory of a man is his mind," we cry, forgetting that the mind without the soul reduces mankind to the level of an educated monkey.

Life will go on, more complicated all the time as the relentless inventiveness of scientists confuses the simplicities of existence. Yet it will be in those simplicities that men and women will find their happiness as they have done since the beginning of time.

Young men and women will fall in love, marry, and gaze in joy and awe at the miracle called a baby. They will look upon the moon and the stars and thrill to the ecstasy of beauty. They will sit by their own fireside as the rain beats against the windows and will know content.

Strangely enough they will be glad that they were born in the second half of the 20th century. They will turn up scrapbooks or albums of that quaint old world in 1900 and laugh at us who did not know that we were so ludicrously out of date. And because they could not know how good life was in 1900 they will think they are fortunate in being so very, very modern.

My final prophecy is this: Life in the next 50 years will not be dull. ★

1950—Brave New Wacky World

Continued from page 9

The cost-of-living index will hit 170 and rents will hit the ceiling, thus lifting it. One of those years.

I am happy to be able to say, however, that things in the more remote years look much more interesting for any of us who can survive through them. Science, marching inexorably forward into the Unknown, as usual, will revolutionize, transform beyond recognition and otherwise make an unholy mess of our Way of Life.

Medicine, in particular, will discover half a dozen brand-new diseases anybody can catch, while physicists will smash the atom into even smaller pieces. Governments everywhere will extend the blessings of taxation to larger numbers of people, while the working week will be so shortened that nobody will have any spare time at all.

By 1963 every home in Canada (pop: about 13 millions) will have at least one television set, the government having finally come through with an appropriation of \$500. (But American sets will be fairly cheap by this time—you'll be able to get one with a 20-foot screen, free, with every package of razor blades.) The net result of this universal form of home entertainment will be to drive people out into the streets.

Radio, incidentally, will come back triumphantly in 1971 with the joyful slogan: "At last—entertainment you don't have to watch! You just listen!" Then radio will in turn be killed by the "Solids" of 1987.

But what of home and family in all this? Will all the wonderful things science was cooking up in last year's laboratories come to pass in Tomorrow's World? Those are good questions and I'm glad you raised them. The answer, in a word, is "Yes," so if you're smart you'll find yourself a nice cave with air conditioning and a good view until it's all over.

The housing shortage will finally be ended by Hansen's Pneumatic House of 1965—a development of the U. S. Army's Portable Rubber Quonset of

1949. This house, an expanding bubble-shaped affair of synthetic rubber anybody can blow up into shape with a bicycle pump, will be in full production (10,000 units a week) by 1966. The houses come in two sizes, large and small, and one style, round.

Mind you, the early Hansens will have some shortcomings. To get into one you will have to open the zipper which is the front door. The trouble is this lets all the air out and the house collapses around the shoulders of your wife, who is trying to get dinner ready on the Automatic Stove.

Once you're inside, of course, you can zip up the door again and pump the house, like a barrage balloon, back into shape. The furniture won't suffer when the roof falls on it, since every item is fully collapsible. However, it could be frustrating. (One solution, Hansen suggested, would be to have collapsible people, but there were technical difficulties.) Further, sometimes the zipper sticks, you will find. (In 1968 about 9,800 people will be caught inside their houses with stuck zippers. These will starve to death.)

Another problem will be slow leaks, and if you happen to be a husband you'll get tired hearing your wife murmur sleepily, "Darling, did you remember to blow up the house?" when you climb into the Automatic Bed. It's an easy thing to overlook.

All this is just the beginning, so let's drop in on a typical family around the last decade of the century and see just how it all came out. I've got a typical family right here, as it happens. A good time would be January 1, 1990, since this is a Monday and one of the two days in the week when our Canadian specimen (name of Joe Blup) goes to work. Let's make it breakfast, since most of the other meals are given by injection.

It's 9 in the morning but Mrs. Blup, an old-fashioned wife, is already up planning breakfast for her husband. Joe's efforts to sneak a few extra minutes' sleep are, as usual, foiled. The Automatic Bed, with a warning rumble, dumps him out on the floor.

Murmuring, "Drat these Automatic Wakers," Joe yawns and stumbles sleepily under the Speedy Shower, in a cubicle adjoining their Solar Bedroom.

Mechanical rubber fingers snatch off his synthetic pyjamas, while a spray of detergent mist cleans his body and disinfests him at the same time.

A recorded voice murmurs hypnotically, "Now I am wide awake, full of energy, and eager to get to work. Now I am wide awake, full of . . ."

"Oh yeah," Joe mutters, dressing. His clothes are interesting. The material is, of course, Snoolon, a synthetic made from clay, dead leaves and old gravel. It is unshrinkable, uncreasable, unwettable and unwearable—you're stuck with it. But the style of his suit is curiously familiar. Joe, in fact, is wearing a high stiff collar, black string tie, long-tailed cutaway cuffless trousers which hug his ankles, and a shirt with a front so stiff you don't fold it—you just stand it up in a corner.

A Swimming Pool Essential

Joe, although he doesn't know it, looks exactly like a beer waiter of the late 1890's. Men's clothes do change.

Hegoes into the breakfast room, carefully skirting the swimming pool in the living room. Every Canadian home has a swimming pool at this time. (In 1990, approximately 101,800 Canadians will fall into their own swimming pools. However, fewer than 11,000 will drown.)

His wife, Myrt, is at the controls of the Breakfast Dispenser. She is a fully qualified Engineer-Wife. She has to be.

"What'll it be, kid?" Myrt asks. "How about half a dozen Indian mangoes, iced, then a filet of sole, straight from Capri, stuffed with black caviar? Trans-Jordan just called in. They've got some of that new coffee you like so much."

"Well," Joe says, "I'd just as soon have some Chinese whole-wheat toast with Scotch marmalade and Tibetan tea."

He stares at her. "Where on earth did you get that thing?"

Myrt, setting dials and pressing buttons on the Dispenser, smiles. "It's the latest in women's fashions, dear," she says. "They call it a hoop skirt. Of course, it's pure Snoolon."

"What did that cost me?" Joe asks.

As he sits down a chair rises automatically from the floor to receive him. (Sometimes the chair doesn't get there in time.)

"Only \$500," Myrt says. "It was marked down from \$695.95. I couldn't resist it."

"Looks nice," Joe says, not to hurt her feelings. He thinks it looks terrible. "Where's breakfast?"

As he speaks the pneumatic tubes pop open and dishes, carrying the ordered meal, float through the air to his place. "No tea," Joe complains.

"Tibet is always late," Myrt says. "I'll ring them again."

Delivering freshly cooked meals by pneumatic tube to any part of the planet was, of course, developed by Pete Grobb, a former dishwasher of Halifax, in 1986. Based on the old system of making change in department stores the scheme only became practical with the invention of the Automatic Customs Inspector in 1981. The jet-propelled thermos containers, speeding at supersonic velocities within the plastic tubes, must cross international boundaries thousands of times every second. With the old, or living, type of customs inspector, the food would get cold.

"Five hundred bucks," Joe says, munching his toast from Canton. "Don't forget I only made a hundred grand last year. And with the index at 700, and rents going up—"

"Just another 100% boost," Myrt interjects.

"—And the need for conserving American dollars," Joe goes on, "—And the new car costing us \$15,000 wholesale. We really got to cut down expenses."

"They expect the index to level off soon," Myrt says hopefully. "Things can't go on rising like this."

"That's what they said in 1950," Joe points out gloomily. "Oh, well, switch on the Trans-Lux. See what's new."

Myrt selects and presses one of the 241 buttons on her control panel. A wall of the room becomes translucent. Words, projected by the facsimile receiver, move across the wall in a slow processional, giving the news of the day in capsule form.

There are no pictures, television

having been banned except for special occasions like the opening of Parliament, or the fire brigade getting a cat out of a tree. (Owing to the revolting popularity of picture magazines and television by 1980 people were forgetting how to read. This upset the educational system. Hence television was banned and illustrations forbidden in all periodicals. The ban was only temporary and both were restored when the great psychologist, Lem Bluey, pointed out in 1993 that people who couldn't read were happier than people who could. But I digress.)

Joe and Myrt watch the headlines projected on the wall: "COST OF LIVING HITS NEW HIGH OF 750 . . . CORRECTION: NOW 760 . . . NOVA SCOTIA PREMIER CALLS FOR BRIDGE OVER STRAIT OF CANSO . . . SIXTIETH FEDERAL-PROVINCIAL CONFERENCE ENDS IN FIST FIGHT AS DELEGATES GUARD PROVINCIAL RIGHTS . . . MONTREAL BANS BARBOTTE GAMES . . . ST. LAWRENCE SEAWAY PROJECT DEFERRED FOR SHORT TIME . . . FEDERAL COMMITTEE SAYS A TRANS - CANADA HIGHWAY FEASIBLE . . . TORONTO SUBWAY ADVANCES ANOTHER THREE INCHES . . . SALMON RUNNING IN ALL DIRECTIONS IN BRITISH COLUMBIA . . . WINNIPEG MAN SLAYS WIFE WITH AXE . . . DIVORCE RATE NOW FIVE OUT OF FIVE . . . HOOP SKIRTS INDECENT SAYS MONTREAL CARDINAL . . . COST OF LIVING NOW 770 . . . THE 20TH CENTURY BELONGS TO CANADA SAYS OTTAWA SPEAKER . . ."

Joe yawns. "No news," he says, kissing his wife. "I might be a little late tonight. Have to drop in at our Shanghai office. There's a new Chinese Government."

"Have a good half day," Myrt says, pressing the button which gets their car out of the garage and around to the front. It is waiting as Joe emerges. This car is really something. It is transparent all over and so low that Joe has to climb in through a trap door in the roof. Jet-propelled, it is capable of 200 miles an hour, in low.

Horses Are Getting Popular

Joe presses a button marked "Regina" and switches on the automatic pilot, then the radar detector which steers his car clear of other automobiles, and natural obstacles such as pedestrians and mountains. He sets his speed at a conservative 150, but traffic on the highway cuts this down to a steady 20. Still, it's faster than walking.

Joe has often thought of buying a horse. A lot of his friends have horses. "Nothing like a horse in heavy traffic," his friend Miggs often says. "Of course, they haven't got radar."

But Joe sticks to his car. "I'm in the automobile business," he points out. "I'd get fired if the boss even caught me looking at a horse."

Joe and Myrt often discuss joining the pioneers on Venus who are carving out a Brave New World with all modern conveniences. Joe would like to go, but Myrt has a lot of friends and neighbors she is afraid she would miss.

Space travel has a rather curious history, when we look back from this year of 1990, to which we are looking ahead. As far back as 1947, of course, the U.S. Air Forces were shooting V-1 rockets up in the air. These invariably came down again.

In 1960 the U.S. Congress passed an appropriation of \$5 billions. The nation's top scientists, attracted by the difficulty and glory of the problem, and high salaries, flocked to Project Luna-

tic, as it was dubbed by the irreverent.

In 1965 a further appropriation of \$6 billions was approved. (The boys needed more equipment.) In 1970 fresh funds of \$7 billions were handed over.

The next development was just a little startling. On Sunday, March 21, 1966, one Albert Higgins, a 19-year-old moon-faced mechanic from Oxbow, Sask., landed on the moon in a rocket ship made from old oil drums and some parts from his mother's sewing machine.

The world went wild, according to the newspapers. (Newspapers were not killed by the Trans-Lux till 1989.) On his return Higgins was interviewed by 892 reporters and some 2,000 columnists. Asked how he happened to go to the moon the intrepid fellow answered, "Well, things was kinda dull around Oxbow—this here town is dead on its feet—so I just made me this old rocket ship and went."

Asked what he found on the moon, Albert spat and replied, "Ah, it's just a lot of rock. I shoulda gone to Mars. Maybe I will, soon's I get a day off."

This the newspapers reported faithfully as: "I did it for Canada and Oxbow, but any other red-blooded Canadian could have done the same thing. To compare me with Columbus is, I feel, to overpraise what little I have accomplished. Confirming previous scientific speculations I found that the surface of the moon is largely granitic. The famous craters appear to be, on close inspection, craterlike in nature. I am indeed happy to have added this vast new land, with its uncounted natural resources, to Our Great Dominion."

Counting the moon this brought Canada's total area to about 16 million square miles, or some one and a quarter square miles per Canadian. (The population at this time was about 13 millions.)

The United States, however, put in a claim for a piece of the moon on the grounds that Higgins' oil drums had been the property of the Standard Oil Co., New Jersey. Other countries came in and the question of who really owned the moon was not answered for some time. In fact, looking ahead, I can't find any year when it will be answered.

With the Higgins rocket ship as a model, and a new appropriation of \$8 billions, in less than 10 years the Americans landed the famous "Mayflower" on Mars. They were welcomed by one Kostov on behalf of the Martian People's Republic, so that case is still pending too.

And thus, as I see it, the years will go, with men hopping from planet to planet like monkeys. And then, almost before you know it, it will be January 1, 2000 A.D. That's a Monday.

What changes will have been wrought! All those civic projects only envisaged in 1950 will, 50 years later, be in the planning stage. Cars and planes will move so fast that it will be almost impossible to get anywhere. In the larger cities traffic control will have been so perfected that you will only have to park your car on the outskirts and proceed on foot.

Montreal will have the *barbotte* games almost cleaned up, the Toronto subway will be inching its way to completion, the St. Lawrence Seaway project will be reopened for discussion, and out in British Columbia the salmon will be running.

And, on Monday evening, January 1, 2000, a high-Ottawa spokesman will speak by Ultra-Radio to the whole population of Canada (now, thanks to immigration, about 13 millions). I don't want to give you his name, but I can tell you his opening words.

"The 21st century," he will say, "belongs to Canada." ★

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1900—How Wrong Can You Be?

Continued from page 8

out of business in six months." (The Model T brought Ford \$2 billions.)

Though the sceptics of 1900 insisted that the horseless carriage was impractical they had to admit that it would run. But a machine that would fly! All except a few of the wildest visionaries insisted this was utter folly.

Said Rear Admiral George W. Melville, engineer-in-chief of the U. S. Navy, in the North American Review in 1901: "All prophecies for future success of aerial navigation are absurd. Nature has evolved as large a flying creature as is possible—the condor and the eagle. If creatures as heavy as man can really fly nature herself would have made them."

Prof. Simon Newcomb had it all figured out that if science could discover an extremely light yet very strong metal a flying machine of sorts might be built. "But no such metal exists or ever will," he declared. "And even with such a discovery, we could not expect the aerial vehicle to carry more than its owner."

Lord John Rayleigh, English physicist, was a little more hopeful in a 1900 address to the Royal Society. He thought airplanes might someday fly but, "I do not think flight will ever be a safe mode of conveyance for it is hard to see how alighting on the ground can ever be made free of danger."

Some prophets saw modes of travel coming which even the mechanical wizardry of the 20th century hasn't produced.

George Sutherland, in his book of prophecy, "Twentieth Century Inventions," thought that by 1950 the commonest method of marine travel would be in swift submarine vessels running on rails on the sea bottom.

"No Future" for H. Ford

Several others saw a great future for the hydroplane. "Look at the duck," said North American Review in 1901. "The ship of the future will be shallow and round, like the duck; she will have a row of winglike propellers; she will not plow through the waters but will skim them with electric wings. Her speed will be, not 30 knots but 150."

In the '90's, electricity was the new thing. Henry Ford, then a chief engineer in the Detroit Edison Company, disgusted the company president with his persistent spare-time experiments with his gasoline car. "Electricity, that's the coming thing," the president told him repeatedly. "But internal combustion engines—they have no future." In 1899 Ford was offered the general superintendency if he would give up his gas car experiments "and devote your great ability to something really useful." Ford chose his automobile, was fired.

In 1902 Atlantic Monthly said the 20th century would soon scrap steam power. "It wastes nine tenths of the potential energy of the coal burned." It predicted that the power of the future would be obtained first from waterfalls, then waves of the sea "and finally from the electric currents generated in the earth itself which reveal their presence in thunderstorms." Said Atlantic Monthly: "Charging batteries from such a source (the earth) will be as simple as dipping water from the sea."

Although the atomic theory of the constitution of matter had been suggested a century before (1803), many of the noted scientists of 1900 were still scoffing at it. But Professor

Ernest Rutherford, then at McGill University, suggested in 1902 that the atom contained large amounts of entrapped energy, added: "A cubic inch of the material shot off by radium would supply enough energy to drive a ship across the Atlantic."

Cosmopolitan magazine, excitedly reviewing the discovery of radium, said in 1902: "It will . . . make our electrical age obsolete before it has barely begun." Cosmopolitan added that radium's power to cure cancer and consumption would cause these diseases to disappear.

All forecasters were miles off in their attempts to visualize 20th-century warfare. It would be warfare of rapid movement and aerial fighting, most of them agreed, but the "rapid movement" would consist of corps of marksmen mounted on highly geared bicycles; and "aerial fighting" merely meant aviators pot-shooting at each other from balloons.

Wells, writing in 1901 of the warfare 1950 would see, predicted: "There will be swift noiseless rushes of cyclist marksmen under the moonlight and the never-to-be-quite-abandoned bayonet will still play its part."

Wells thought the most revolutionary warfare factor would be the balloon. He pictured big navigable balloons with wings, rudders and engine-driven propellers as the aerial fighters of the future. He thought they would have to carry guns of very small calibre, as the recoil of heavier guns would make them unmanageable. They wouldn't waste time shooting at each other, he claimed; instead, they would dodge back and forth in attempts to ram.

"There will be a steel prow with a cutting edge and this aerial ram will be the most important weapon of the affair. Such a fighting machine will fling itself like a knife at the war balloon of the foe."

And of submarines: "My imagination refuses to see any submarine doing anything but suffocate its crew and founder at sea. They may succeed in throwing out a torpedo or so—with as much chance of hitting vitally as you would have if you were blindfolded, turned round three times and told to fire revolver shots at a charging elephant."

Many pundits predicted confidently that the 20th century would see an end to war.

Atlantic Monthly in 1902 said that by 2000 A.D. nations would be so closely bound together by economic ties that "no country will consider disrupting the great industrial organization by declaring war . . . The very intimacy in which nations will live will guarantee peace."

Wells was more cautious. "The splendid dream of a federal Europe may perhaps come to something like realization by the 21st century. And a world state with a common language and a common rule will eventually be estab-

Maclean's Magazine, January 1, 1950

lished, though probably only after a second century has passed."

There were numerous predictions of social bliss. Sam Walter Foss, in Arena Magazine of Boston, wrote in 1901: "I am optimistic in regard to future social conditions. The time will come in 50 to 100 years when man will be obliged to work with his hands but a few hours each day. We are going to harness the tides, the winds, and tap the fires of the earth's depths to do our drudgery for us."

Foss and many others thought that the 20th-century working man's Utopia would come about through nationalization of industry. "The government will be able to conduct many enterprises better than any combination of individuals," Foss said.

Atlantic Monthly, in a fictitious review of 20th-century developments, has a strangely prophetic paragraph. Its author, John Bates Clark, writing in 1902 with the imaginary viewpoint of a man of 2000 A.D., selected the Canadian province of Saskatchewan as the first state on the continent to experiment with nationalization. And it was Saskatchewan which, with the election of a CCF Government in 1944, placed the continent's first industry-nationalizing government in power. Saskatchewan didn't even become a province until 1905, three years after Clark wrote.

The Women Were Divided

Henry B. Brown, prominent U. S. Supreme Court justice, in an address to the graduating class of Yale Law School in 1895, voiced a fairly accurate prediction. "The ancient war between capital and labor bids fair to become a hostile battle. It is not improbable that it will result in the gradual enlargement of the functions of government and in the ultimate control of natural monopolies."

Atlantic Monthly's Clark wrote: "Trade unions will continue to harass the public until near the middle of the century when they will assume their true role of co-operation in the business of the state."

As this century opened, women were beginning to agitate for a leading part in controlling the world's affairs.

Said Lady Henry Somerset, philanthropist, editor, and women's rights exponent: "Many of the great statesmen of the future will be women; many of the most successful diplomats will be women; many of the greatest preachers will be women."

Replied Mrs. Lynn Linton, novelist: "The 20th-century woman will forsake her present extravagant pretensions and return to her own more beautiful and more natural lines. As she is now, she is all wrong from start to finish—a national disaster rather than a domestic blessing and social ornament."

And doughty Queen Victoria chipped in: "The woman's suffrage campaign is monstrously unwomanly. I can see

NEXT ISSUE

You Need a New Budget

Besides not being big enough, the old budget doesn't fit in the right places any more. Sid Margolius, an expert in consumer problems, gives the dimensions for a 1950 budget which takes into account the greatly increased cost of food.

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nothing but evil arising out of it."

W. S. Caine, a British M.P. defeated periodically for voicing temperance views, thought the greatest social blessing the 20th century would bring would be the banishment of alcohol.

Wells, always the radical, was certain the 20th century would employ eugenics and mercy killings to rid itself of criminals, low mentalities and hereditary diseases. "To allow the breeding of such people will seem an abominable proceeding . . . Those afflicted with transmissible diseases, mental disorders and the craving for intoxication will be allowed to exist only on the understanding that they do not propagate . . . The plea that a criminal is insane will be regarded not as a reason for mercy, but as an added reason for death . . . When a man proves to be a criminal unfitted for free life, they will remove him from being . . ."

Wells even anticipated the obliteration of entire backward races by such means.

Of 20th-century religious trends Wells predicted "a steady decay in the various Protestant congregations . . . and a great Roman Catholic revival."

Toward a Third-Rate England

Many writers saw troublesome economic days ahead for Britain. Said Contemporary Review: "Britain faces a threatening future. We shall have to face a growing competition from Europe and the U. S. Our commercial greatness may be swept away. Emigration on a vast scale would then be inevitable and the centre of the British Empire would tend to leave Britain proper. What England loses her colonies will gain."

Sir Henry Roscoe, educationist, warned in a 1901 letter to the London Times: "England's commercial prosperity is being rapidly undermined by Germany and America. Unless drastic steps are taken . . . our children may see England sink to the level of a third-rate power."

Fortnightly Review asked in 1901: "Will England last the century? America cannot be prevented from attaining sometime in the 20th century the industrial leadership of the world, for she has everything she requires within her own frontiers."

Wells thought the 20th century would see a union of the U. S. and Britain "with its centre in the great urban region developing between Chicago and the Atlantic."

But no one was putting any money on Russia. Said Wells: "Russia . . . does not seem likely to develop. She will fail to keep pace with the educational and economic progress of nations. The chances seem altogether against the existence of a great Slav power before the beginning of the 21st century."

And what about Canada?

The optimism with which Canada looked to the future was expressed by Sir Wilfrid Laurier: "The 19th century was the century of the United States; the 20th century will be the century of Canada."

But some of the prophets let their optimism run away with them.

Canada as a U. S. Rival

Declared Frimann B. Anderson, of Winnipeg, in a privately published pamphlet criticizing Canada's immigration policy: "Canada should be able to support at least 150 million people . . . and if we improve our colonization system and run it as the U. S. is running theirs, there is no reason why we can't have 150 million residents within 75 years or so."

Col. G. E. Church, U. S. geographer,

estimated at the turn of the century that Western Canada alone had 400,000 square miles available for wheat growing. Now we know that in all Canada there are approximately 200,000 square miles suitable for agriculture. (The Dominion's 1948 wheat acreage totaled 38,000 square miles.)

Many felt that annexation of Canada by the U. S. would come long before 1950. Said the Nation of New York in 1903: "Last year 37,000 U. S. farmers emigrated to Western Canada. Such a large group each year will be certain to affect Canadian sentiment and will in the near future bring about annexation."

Cosmopolitan the same year said: "In a few years the Americanization of Canada will be so complete that annexation is assured."

Canadians were peeved because Great Britain had allowed the U. S. a hefty slice of Canadian territory in the 1903 settlement of the Alaskan boundary dispute. Francis H. Turnock, a Montreal editor writing in Outlook, expressed a typical Canadian view. "The bad faith and callousness of Britain will loosen the tie which binds Canada to the Mother Country. Independence or annexation by the U. S. are the only courses open to us now."

J. G. Bourinot, clerk of the Canadian House of Commons, wrote enthusiastically in Arena in 1897: "Canada may prove a formidable rival even of the U. S. before the next half century passes."

But there were understatements as well. Early in the century writer Hawthorne Daniel stood with an experienced geologist on a mountain overlooking the Great Bear Lake country. In all directions stretched an unmapped wilderness of lakes, rivers and muskeg.

"Is there anything of value in that land?" Daniel asked.

"No," the geologist replied. "We feel certain there are no mineral deposits of value."

Young Winston Was Around

And what were the prophets of 1900 saying about the world's future statesmen?

Toronto, in January, 1901, paid fleeting attention to the visit of a young war correspondent who, already a veteran of four wars and five books, was beginning to catch the public eye.

Canadian Magazine noted that "though only 26, he walks with a distinct forward stoop," but news pictures of his round boyish face (but no cigar) bear little resemblance to the Winston Churchill who, 40 years later, became the world's most photographed man.

It was remarked casually that his writing compared well with that of older and more experienced correspondents, and it was pointed out that his father, Lord Randolph Churchill, once received the staggering sum of \$10,000 for a series of 20 articles. Canadian Magazine added: "Some day young Winston's correspondence may be worth as much." (In 1947 a syndicate paid \$1 million for U. S. publication rights to Churchill's war memoirs.) Canadian Magazine remarked, "The political future may have much for Winston Churchill."

But Toronto Saturday Night had different ideas: "He has a touch of genius as a lecturer but he's a very bumptious young man not far removed from the cad . . . His unfortunate commercial traits are no doubt due to the strong streak of Yankee which runs through his blood . . . He is determined to make the best of what will be a short-lived popularity." ★

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Nickelodeon to Television

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companies entertainment was not universally available 50 years ago. In rural communities in winter, before the days of motor cars and good roads, there was almost nothing. The movies began to cover the country when the motor age came in and presently radio brought entertainment into the home.

For the first time in history virtually every human being can choose, from a substantial variety of entertainments, something to divert him during every hour. Obviously this is something more than the satisfaction of a need. It is the creation of an appetite and, to be successful, the manufacturers of the entertainment must go beyond this point and create a habit.

This was done in two ways: giving the people what they want and making the people want whatever is given to them. The defenders and the enemies of popular entertainment each concentrate on one of these. The saving grace of radio and the movies is that they used both approaches and, in one way or the other, managed to create many admirable things.

In their first 25 years the movies gave room to a prodigious amount of talent and to two men of genius: David Wark Griffith and Charlie Chaplin. Nothing approaching this fermentation in creative work occurred in the movies' second quarter of a century and nothing like it occurred in radio at all.

Well on their way toward creating a new art the movies were rudely spun around in their tracks by the coming of sound and had to spend several years reorganizing. Radio, well on its way to become standardized, repetitious, and uncreative, has suddenly, in the past three years, been forced to become imaginative and enterprising by the demands of television.

The speed with which new inventions overtake the old is terrifying; and those who are hypercritical of these popular arts should consider the difficulties of creating an art if all the tools and instruments are constantly being changed.

Art and Business Join Forces

The movies began about the same time in France and in the United States and it is characteristic that the first few feet of film made in France were what we would now call a documentary (actually nothing more than workmen coming out of a factory), while the first sensational footage made in America was definitely in the dramatic vein (a kiss which scandalized censors who seem to have come into existence the moment the first film was shown).

By the time the movie strip emerged from the penny-in-the-slot machine the American film was dedicated to telling stories and 1903 is a landmark in its history because "The Great Train Robbery" in that year not only told a fairly cohesive story in one reel, but managed to bring in all the known tricks of the trade, including a chase and a close-up at the end. (The picture ran for years.)

Art and business are constantly interwoven in the movies. Because of a series of patent suits, making it difficult for certain exhibitors to get pictures, foreign films were imported. With them came the idea of the full-length feature which was developing freely in Italy and France while the United States was creating the habit-forming serial.

Art and business also worked together when, in a great uprush of popularity, Chaplin and Mary Pick-

ford engaged in a race for the first million-dollar contract (a close parallel to the excitement over Jack Benny and his capital-gains deal in 1948). The tremendous publicity engineered over this matter of business made the newspapers more conscious of the power of the movies, and criticism began slowly to appear. The movies were being accepted.

But grudgingly. They were considered vulgar. The great offender was the slapstick comedy, one of the prime creations in the medium, out of which the great comedians rose. With them, with Griffith's masterly handling of "The Birth of a Nation," with westerns on a small scale, with historical romances and even a few problem plays, the movies as World War I ended had reached a high level of excellence.

By that time the theatre was going through a period of furious activity. Vaudeville, using films as chasers to empty the theatre, was flourishing with the talents of such men as Joe Cook and the Marx Brothers and the team of Moran and Mack.

Then Came the Kingfish

The musical stage, not threatened by the silent movies, was brighter and prettier than ever under rivals for the glory of Florenz Ziegfeld who was presently to outshine all his Follies with the magnificent operetta, "Show Boat." It may be said, in passing, that the contributions of Gershwin, Kern, Porter, Berlin made this pre-radio era one of the happiest musical moments of the half century.

The great excitement, however, was precisely at the point where the movies were most challenging—in the dramatic theatre. Five years before Hollywood, with the help of a best-selling novel, produced "All Quiet on the Western Front," the theatre presented "What Price Glory?"—and for the passion and candor of O'Neill and Sidney Howard and George Kelly and Elmer Rice the movies had no equivalent whatever until they began to talk and could borrow more happily from the stage.

Radio was now beginning to make itself heard. One of the earliest arranged programs was a sermon in Pittsburgh. Then publicity came with the broadcast of the U. S. political conventions and presidential election of 1924.

By 1926 a broadcasting executive noted that the business was in a rut and suggested that "novelties and revolutionary additions are required" to keep up interest in radio. He thought rebroadcasts from Europe would do the trick; actually Amos 'n' Andy turned up. They are a pivotal unit in radio, not so much for the quality of their work as for the effect. When movie houses announced that these comedians could be heard inside, when church suppers were delayed so that no one would miss the nightly installment, people became aware for

the first time of their own devotion to radio-made characters. When the depression came and even the movies were too expensive, radio established itself as a dominant power in entertainment.

Since the movies firmly refused to admit that a depression had occurred radio gained an advantage. People believed in it, and the abortive panic that followed Orson Welles' "invasion from Mars" broadcast showed how dangerous their belief could be.

After the war the movies found an equivalent for their earlier, down-to-earth gangster cycle in various combinations of violence and psychiatry. But the studios seemed to lack conviction and as people settled down to their postwar megrims, attendance at the movies fell off.

When its income from Great Britain was cut Hollywood went into an ignoble tizzy and two other events completed its discomfiture: the affair of the un-American committee and the decision to separate the studios from most of their real estate.

Now, mid-century, the movies have lost both the artistic fervor and the pure business drive of their early years. With five years of warning they refused to prepare a sound position toward television; and although they had known for many years that they were steadily losing their audiences they also refused to alter either their ideas or their economic setups to win them back.

The movies are, in effect, a large-scale real-estate operation: for every studio dollar invested in making pictures, 20 are invested in the theatres. Radio has been, almost from the start, an adjunct of the business of selling goods. Neither of these connections with the economic system was surprising, nor necessarily alarming.

Catering to the Half-Grown

Considering that the primary interest is to make money the amount of respectable work produced in the movies, the level of public service performed by many broadcasters, are admirable. If the first 50 years of the 20th century had been a period of consolidation, and not of breakdown, the mass media of entertainment would have been criticized only by severe moralists and aesthetic pedants.

But as the world came out of a series of convulsions during which every institution of national life and every framework for international relations were drastically altered it became clear that the entertainment arts were having a profound effect on the way people thought and felt.

The movies fled from reality and the entertainment side of radio was obliged, by its function as a sales agent, to lull the critical faculties of the audience.

Nothing that disturbed, nothing requiring hard thinking could be permitted. The movies made their play frankly for the adolescent; and except

for its factual programs radio tended to prolong immaturity far into middle age.

As it is easier to entertain the same people over and over again instead of going out for new audiences, both the movies and radio tend to enlarge the number of delayed adolescents. They are not alone in this endeavor. In the United States particularly the emphasis on youthfulness is a constant factor, showing itself in the artificially created enthusiasm for professional spectator sport and in the advertisements for virtually every commodity from dishwashers to motor cars and cures for indigestion.

This catering to the half-grown has taken place in spite of adequate proof that the desire for mature entertainment exists. The operettas of Rogers and Hammerstein ("Oklahoma," "South Pacific"), immeasurably successful by older standards, are also immeasurably more adult than 99% of the fictions of radio and the movies. The bleak shattering tragedy of "Death of a Salesman" is attracting audiences which would fill movie houses—not because they yearn for misery, but because they want something true and intelligent said about their own lives, in terms of comedy or melodrama or tragedy. It doesn't matter, so long as it is honest.

The movies themselves have proved the point by their exceptions. "The Lost Weekend" and "The Snake Pit" were more successful at the box office than dozens of routine pictures tailored to "what the public will pay for."

The success of the best British films ("The Fallen Idol," "Red Shoes"), and a few from other countries, is corroborative evidence that the total audience is large and varied and does not always revolve around the Grable-Gable axis.

As we enter the second half of the century television is the new factor. It is so effective and various that it can absorb virtually all other entertainment, not only movies and the radio but sport and the comic strip, the theatre and certain forms of music, and can exert profound effects on the newspaper and education.

In the paralysis of the will that overtook Hollywood, television was almost entirely molded by radio interests in its earliest years. And it is possible that when the great entertainment empires are based upon television, radio will dominate. But radio has never been a great creator of fiction; its successes are in the realm of fact and of personality (the comedians, the participation shows). Although the movies have debased fiction to the level of a foolish myth most of the time, their technical skill in telling a story has been prodigious.

Reality Plus Drama—Future

If the feeling for reality which underlies radio can be grafted on the movies' instinct for the dramatic a magnificent future for television is assured.

It will be jeopardized if those who control the destiny of a medium so capable of communicating both truth and illusion restrict it, as the movies and radio have been restricted, to serving only the rudimentary appetites of the audience, forgetting that in a democratic society there are not only many kinds of people, but that every human being has many interests and curiosities and desires—and the function of a mass medium is to satisfy as many as possible.

When this function is well-executed entertainment cuts across the lines of highbrow and lowbrow, it helps people to grow up, to become citizens in a world of conflict and complete individuals—not mindless robots in a dense mass waiting for the next dictator. ★

NEXT ISSUE

Tallyho Toronto

Be sure to read Edwin Rutt's hilarious short story about pink coats, red faces and a smart fox called Bernie who makes the hunters wonder who's hunting who as he leads them a mad chase through Toronto.

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"The foundation of our democracy is a well-informed public . . ."

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E. H. Waldruff, president of Louis K. Liggett Company Limited, began his career with that company in 1919 as assistant store manager. He was subsequently promoted to store manager and in 1922 he became district manager. In 1930 he was made sales manager, a position he held until 1936 when he was elected to the presidency. During World War II, he served as director of the retail drug section of the W.P.T.B. Besides guiding the destinies of the 40 modern Liggett Drug Stores across Canada, Mr. Waldruff is an active member and past president of Kiwanis International, a member of the Ontario Retail Druggists Association and the Canadian Council of Distribution.

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE
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The Greatest Ten of Our Time

Continued from page 11

Russia and China—those tremendous wells of humanity—they accomplished what Machiavelli claimed was the most difficult of all things: the establishment of a new order."

One of the most interesting points in Hutchins' list of the 10 "greats" is the predominance of men of peace, in some cases men who have earned public odium in their time by pleading for peace and the brotherhood of man while louder drums were beating for war. Now, at a time when the imminence of a bigger and more ghastly war than the world has ever seen is openly discussed by national leaders, when the world is split into two atom-armed camps, Chancellor Hutchins leads his list with two avowed pacifists.

No sailor, soldier or flier gets a mention. Even his last choice, Henry Ford ("a rather dull, confused man"), wanted peace badly enough in 1915 to try to stop World War I with his quixotic "peace ship." (Ford didn't make the list for that, though. His development of mass production got him in.)

Hutchins has given women pretty short shrift. Yet his single female choice underlines the viewpoint from which, with trepidation, he approached his difficult—and probably thankless—task. He put Eleanor Roosevelt's name down because he thinks millions of people, in the Americas and abroad, believe she is sincere and selfless, that she has the interests of the ordinary humble citizen at heart.

Allowing for differing circumstances, Hutchins thinks this simple yet tremendous influence belonged also to Gandhi, belongs today to Schweitzer.

Long-distance again. San Francisco. A traveler returned. Some publishing business, some ribbing. A dinner date fixed over half a continent.

Without losing step, back into the discussion.

"The curse of our age is hypocrisy," Hutchins looks into you without staring. His eyes claim you in a friendly yet demanding fashion. He insists that you think with him, hesitates when he makes a point in case you wish to argue or affirm. But he holds the controls firmly; you asked him to speak, so you must use your wits to understand what he has to say. He speaks simply, but never down.

"Every day men and women, leaders in all fields, loudly proclaim their love of humanity, their intention of devoting themselves to alleviating the distresses of our age. They speak proudly of heritage, tradition, love of freedom. They then return contentedly to their narrow, selfish lives—and only the echoes of their words remain to mock the confused millions who look to them for guidance.

"But when a man like Albert Schweitzer, at the peak of his powers, unostentatiously sidesteps the decorations and possessions of the material world and goes to Africa to turn his words into deeds, then the world's millions silently take him into their hearts.

"No man can be great from what he has. It's what he is that counts."

Hutchins doesn't expect everyone to agree with his list of "greats." In fact he'd be happier to start a healthy argument.

Here are the vital statistics and highlights of the careers of the men and woman Hutchins chose and his reasons for choosing them.

MOHANDAS KARAMCHAND GANDHI 1869-1948

Gandhi, after being called to the London Bar in 1891, went to South Africa and immediately tried to win civil rights for the oppressed Indian minority there. He returned to India in 1915, forged unity among the huge leaderless groups seeking freedom from British rule, started the eventually successful passive resistance campaigns. He was jailed in 1922 (also in 1930 and 1932), elected president of the Indian National Congress in 1924. Raised almost to saint status, and revered throughout the world, the Mahatma lived in utter simplicity, in prayer and meditation. He was assassinated by N. V. Godse in January 1948.

Chancellor Hutchins calls Gandhi "the man who most resembles Christ in the last 2,000 years." Gandhi's absolute lack of personal ambition, his magnificent belief in the rights of the commonest man and his sacrificing struggle to ensure them, his love of humanity, would, Hutchins thinks, place him at the top of any man's list of "greats." He also thinks there is a chance that, in the course of time, Gandhi's philosophy of utter tolerance and passive resistance to force will spread to the rest of the world.

ALBERT EINSTEIN 1879-

Einstein was 19 years professor of physics at Berlin University and the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute. When he came to the U. S. in 1933 to head Princeton's Institute for Advanced Study he was deprived of his German citizenship by the Nazis. His first published works on the quantum theory (1905) and relativity (1915) set the scientific world on its ears, and the greatest physicists, scientists and mathematicians flocked to him. His work on the relation of mass to energy contains the main idea which led to the release of atomic energy and the atom bomb.

"In an age poor in thinkers," Hutchins says, "Einstein is the greatest." Although the fruits of his gigantic labors cannot be understood by the lay mind except in the broadest terms, Einstein stands head and shoulders clear, Hutchins thinks, above the comparatively small group of men of all nations who have in the time under review penetrated the unknown. In his simple character cannot be detected any seeds of personal ambition: he works only for the betterment of humanity, regarding the major lay result of his work so far (The Bomb) as simply a distressing gadget. He is a man who shrinks from public honors and appearances, yet willingly lends his support to world peace organizations, being superbly contemptuous of small minds who try to belittle him with political labels.

SIGMUND FREUD 1856-1939

Strongly influenced in youth by Goethe's "Die Natur," Freud qualified as a doctor in Vienna. When a physician told him of a patient being cured of hysteria by psychological methods Freud was started on the thinking which eventually led to the treatment known as psychoanalysis. He discovered the existence of the unconscious and its influence on the conscious, repression and infantile sexuality and made them the keystones of his "Freudian" theories which have influenced medicine, drama, art and literature.

Hutchins connects Freud's introduction of psychoanalysis with Einstein's celestial achievements as the two forces which, mentally and physically, have most changed our lives in this half century. He believes this even though he quarrels with some of the tenets

of Freud's teaching, and thinks that many later psychiatrists have perverted much that was right. Freud's greatness sprang from his unwillingness to be satisfied with mental science as he found it, his determination to get beneath the surface of the human mind, his discovery and development of something new (and fundamentally beneficial) to serve humanity.

ALBERT LOUIS PHILIPP SCHWEITZER 1875-

Laden with 10 degrees (divinity, medicine, philosophy, music), Schweitzer is missionary, surgeon and founder of a hospital for natives at Lambaréné, French Equatorial Africa. He started this great humanitarian work in 1913 after being recognized as the world's master of Bach, after writing the book which made his reputation international, "The Quest of the Historical Jesus." He's now working on "The Philosophy of Civilization" (two volumes published so far). His recent visit to North America to speak at the Goethe bicentennial spotlighted his quiet yet powerful philosophy: reverence for life.

"Here is a man, a truly great man, who is living up to his convictions," says Hutchins. "He is completely free from hypocrisy, utterly sincere. He speaks the truth and lives the truth." Schweitzer excelled as surgeon, theologian, philosopher, author and musician but he renounced the worldly fame and fortune that were justly his to find his life's work in Africa. But remember, Hutchins adds, from Schweitzer's point of view it is not a renunciation: he is merely seeking, without a reward, to do what his conscience tells him is his duty. In his own way he is showing the materialist world how a man should live.

ANNA ELEANOR ROOSEVELT 1884-

Mrs. Roosevelt married Franklin D. Roosevelt (a distant cousin) in 1905. She entered politics in 1924 within the N. Y. State Democratic Committee, but never aspired to Congress. She was, however, in the government in 1941 as assistant director, Office of Civilian Defense; later became a delegate to the United Nations. Real starting point in the growth of her influence came in 1937 when she wrote "This Is My Story," and the next year when she began the columns, "My Day." Her love of travel and her simple friendliness endeared her to millions overseas.

Hutchins places Mrs. Roosevelt before her husband in his list because he believes her motives are more pure. He sees her as a symbol of hope and encouragement to women all over the world. With no special talents or gifts, she wins her place through her great human qualities, her sincerity in speech and action, her ability to make even her humblest admirers believe she has their interests at heart. And, too, in her individualistic way, she has given a very satisfying demonstration of a good wife and mother at a time when a harsh spotlight was often focused on her family.

WINSTON LEONARD SPENCER CHURCHILL 1874-

Churchill entered the House of Commons in 1900 as a Conservative after seeing active service in Cuba, India and Egypt. Later he was at the South African War. By 1911 he was First Lord of the Admiralty, and in 1917 Minister of Munitions. After the war he rose to Chancellor of the Exchequer. After warning the world of the Hitler menace, and opposing appeasement, he was called to lead his country as Prime Minister in 1940. He wielded tremendous influence in the successful prosecution of the

war. In 1945 his government was defeated by Labor; he became Leader of the Opposition.

"Here is the man of power, of strength," comments Hutchins. "Yet he must be called great where other strong men remain just strong men. His greatness lies in his amazing personality, his courage, his inspiring oratory, fitting so exactly the desperate needs of a time of crisis in the world's affairs. Rightly or wrongly the world credits him with winning the Battle of Britain and with rousing and encouraging the rest of the world toward its defeat of Hitlerism." Churchill has, Hutchins thinks, a wonderful dramatic sense and events gave him the perfect opportunity to display his powers on the stage of the world. Also his classic ability to turn a gallant and heroic slogan with perfect timing ("Blood, toil, tears and sweat"; "We shall fight on the beaches . . . in the hills . . .") adds the flamboyant touch sometimes necessary to secure a man's place in history.

VLADIMIR ILYICH LENIN 1870-1924

The founder and guiding spirit of the Soviet Republics and the Communist International overthrew Russia's Kerensky Government in 1917 and established a new way of life, a "dictatorship of the proletariat." He united the huge land (one fifth of the world's land mass) with a system of autonomous soviets under central Moscow direction. In 1918 counterrevolutionary forces sprang up and a bitter civil war resulted in a Lenin victory in 1921. His influence is still felt strongly in Russia today where "Leninism" is the guiding philosophy.

With Gandhi and Sun Yat-sen, Hutchins nominates "The Father of the Russian Revolution" for a place among the most influential men of all time. Taking the theories of Marx and Engels, Lenin accomplished the incredibly difficult task of turning them into fact in a nation of 200 million violently split and mostly backward people. He created a new order, changed the thinking of the world in certain aspects, did not live to see the great power which has grown from his struggles. The sheer weight of his influence ensures his greatness. Today (all political prejudice aside) Lenin is a saint to millions, his tomb a shrine.

FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT 1882-1945

Roosevelt, a lawyer, after a term in the N. Y. Legislature's Upper House, became Assistant Secretary of the Navy in 1912. He was struck by infantile paralysis in 1921 and staged a courageous recovery, though partially crippled for life. In 1930 he was elected Governor of New York, went on to win the presidency in 1933 on the sensational "New Deal" ticket. In 1936, 1940 and 1944 he was re-elected. His personal leadership of the U. S. during World War II, and his part in the successful global strategies, won him fabulous popularity. He died (a stroke) in office.

"Within Roosevelt's years, under his guidance, the United States rose to be the world's greatest power," Hutchins says. "The great part that he played cannot be denied. And it was in many ways an intensely personal influence that he wielded. His triumph over his crippling disability won him immediate sympathy, but this can be forgotten in the obvious evidence that the big majority of Americans (and millions overseas) believed in him, in what he stood for, in what he was trying to do." Only the fact that Hutchins thinks Roosevelt was to some extent

fulfilling a personal feeling for power keeps the former President this far down in the list.

SUN YAT-SEN 1867-1925

In 1905 Sun Yat-sen made his first attempt to overthrow the Manchu Dynasty and establish a Chinese republic. It failed, and he narrowly escaped execution. Another attempt in 1911 was successful, and it was his unifying influence that won the day. He created the Kuomintang (the People's Party) to rule the new republic, and was named provisional president. Later he headed a move for an independent South China (1917) and later again (1923) he was chief executive of Kwangtung Province. His influence throughout China, however, was tremendous, and his principles continued to guide millions long after his death.

"The Father of the Chinese Republic changed the political shape of the world for all time," Hutchins explains. "Even though the Manchus were crumbling the times called for a great man to lead 400 million people into a new way of life. Sun was that man. In terms of mass influence he stands with Gandhi and Lenin." The Western world could be excused for having only a dim realization of the work of Sun,

Hutchins says, because the full effect of the changes he wrought has not yet been felt in our lives; but the current Red conquest of China, the tremendous stirring deep in that huge mass of humanity, serves to bring him sharply into focus.

HENRY FORD 1863-1947

In 1903 Henry Ford founded his Ford Motor Company and really put the world on powered wheels. His introduction of the cheap car, and his development of assembly line (or mass) production mushroomed into a kind of industrial revolution. Along with his belief in high productivity Ford placed high wages, giving impetus to the stirrings of labor for a greater share in profits. In 1915 he organized the "peace ship" which went to Europe in a futile bid to end World War I.

"Ford was a rather dull-witted man," Hutchins comments, "but he had an idea, one idea. That idea, carried into accomplished fact, profoundly changed the lives of the people of this century. In introducing us to mass production he quietly performed an industrial revolution of his own. The present-day industrial giantism of the United States can be traced back to that garage in Detroit; the huge volume of manu-

factured goods available cheaply today was set rolling there. Perhaps it was bound to come; some man was bound to show this fact to the world; but an accident of history, if you like, made Henry Ford that man. And it made him great." Ford's anti-Semitism and other facets of his character make no appeal to Hutchins, yet he is sure the man will be remembered.

Well, there's the list. It's short on thinkers, has no artists in the true sense, no humorists, no professional men of arms, but is heavy in politicians of the grand variety. Perhaps you dispute some, or all, of Hutchins' choices? If you do, that's fine. He hopes no one will swallow his list as gospel.

In settling on the 10, more than 70 names came up, were discussed, were rejected. Here's 20 of those who did not get the final nod: Charlie Chaplin, A. N. Whitehead ("probably a case for him"), Charles Lindbergh, Josef Stalin ("just a machine politician"), Frederick Banting, G. B. Shaw, Jean Sibelius, Andrew Carnegie ("does money matter?"), Marie Curie, the Wright Brothers ("curiously, they miss the bus"), Emmeline Pankhurst, Enrico Caruso, Marie Stopes ("who knows her today?") Ernest Rutherford,

Bernard Montgomery, Henry James, Bertrand Russell ("could you put him with Socrates?"), Alexander Fleming, D. W. Griffith.

* * *

The discreet limousine sang along the south shore of the shining lake at a sibilant 70, turned onto the campus midway, cut through the long winter-waning shadows of the nearly naked trees, eased to a stop at the chancellor's offices. Hutchins had come here first at 30, a "boy wonder" in this league of learning; now, after 20 years of ever-expanding responsibilities, there's still something boyish about him, something very warming and friendly, a sincerity that strikes and claims you.

Here he had written his famous books, "The Higher Learning in America," "Education for Freedom."

Here also was waiting the taxi he had miraculously found time to order to take me back to my hotel.

"Look," Hutchins said before we parted, "I'm writing an article myself just now—or trying to. Do you know T. S. Eliot? I'm sweating out a piece about Eliot's influence on education. Do you understand his stuff?"

"Well," I said, "I'm very glad to have met you." ★

Mankind in the Age of Science

Continued from page 7

A Canadian boy born in 1900 could expect to live to 48; now he can expect to live to 65. But a boy born today in India, incidentally, can expect to live only till 27.

Much of the change in our public health is due to ordinary sanitation, although even today in Canada more than two dwellings in five still have outside privies, and half have neither bath nor shower.

The new drugs helped things along. Aspirin first came on the open market in 1917. It was followed by the popular sulfa drugs, the antibiotics (penicillin, streptomycin), and other biologically produced chemicals such as the vitamins, and glandular secretions like insulin.

The years have brought us, too, a great increase in leisure and in pay. In 1900 the average Canadian working in manufacturing earned a cent or two over \$6 a week for nearly 57 hours. He now earns an average of \$44 a week for working 40 hours. Furthermore, in those days not two out of five lived in cities; nowadays more than half do.

There has also been a change in the kind of houses we live in. In 1900 there was almost exactly one occupied dwelling to a family. Now there are seven families for every five occupied dwellings. The increase of city living has made us more and more the inhabitants of warrens.

In industry, the power of steam reached its height in 1900. The railroads had been driven across both Canada and the U. S. under circumstances which still make "railroading" a fighting word. On May 10, 1893, Locomotive No. 999 of the New York Central Railroad took the Empire State Express on a stretch of line west of Batavia, N. Y., at an average speed of 112.5 miles an hour, and kept it up for over a mile. There is a U. S. two-cent stamp showing No. 999 in action, smoke and all. Anybody who wants to try and beat this record nowadays goes by air instead.

And it was practically the same at sea. The 12,950-ton steamship *Lucania*

crossed the Atlantic in just over five days well before the turn of the century. Anything which can be done by steam was done then almost as well as it is now. In those days, indeed, applied science meant only applied steam, though even then there were those who said that electricity was the coming thing.

Sure enough, electricity came. In 1900 no waterpower whatever was developed in Canada by central hydro-electric stations. Now, more than 10 million horsepower is developed; and in the parts of Ontario now known as Hydrobad even that isn't enough.

And something else suddenly came forward: the internal combustion engine. In 1900 there were about 1,000 automobiles in Canada, and about 1,500,000 horses. Now, there are 1,500,000 automobiles and, curiously enough, 2,500,000 horses.

It was the internal combustion engine, developing high power for little weight, which helped the Wright Brothers to fly a heavier-than-air machine on December 17, 1903, at Kill Devil Hill, four miles south of Kitty Hawk. Almost three years later the first recorded flight in Canada of a heavier-than-air machine carrying a passenger took place. But it was not an airplane; it was a kind of kite, called Cygnet, invented by a Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, who seemed to have had something to do with the telephone.

It is the internal combustion engine (both gasoline and Diesel) which has made the modern world such a glutton for oil. Manoeuvring for oil is the chief concern of most of the great Powers; but oil, unfortunately, does not lubricate the machinery of the nations, rather the opposite. The human race need not worry about this too much, for if we spend the world's oil in the next 50 years as we have spent it in the last 50 there will be none left, and that will be the end of that.

In 1900 the telegraph was the thing for quick communication. The wires ran back and forth across the continents and the Atlantic cable had been in place for nearly 50 years. But a young Italian inventor called Marconi was working on a new method of sending messages from one station to another. Since there were to be no

connecting wires this new idea was called the Wireless. And it worked. On December 12, 1901, Marconi signalled the letter "S" across the Atlantic from England to Newfoundland.

Since then the developments of wireless have included radio and radar, and all their large families. A great scientific blessing, but not an unmixed one. De Forrest, inventor of the thermionic vacuum tube, felt that he had to title an anniversary article on his own work, "De Forrest's Prime Evil." It all helps to remind us that science is always neutral; it is the use of science that makes for good or evil.

What's All This About Atoms?

Photography in 1900 had improved much. Several people trying to take instantaneous pictures were experimenting with strips, sheaves or bundles of successive photographs. They were trying to work out some practical way of improving the magic lantern, one of the minor staples of pious entertainment, so that it would show pictures that moved. This, it was thought, would greatly help education, public morality, and so forth.

Nobody paid much attention to these experiments, for, after all, even if they could be made to work, a magic-lantern show was not by any means as satisfying as vaudeville, or even a good performing-mule act. And perhaps the sceptics were right (see "Nickelodeon to Television," page 12).

There were other experiments in 1900 which were even more obscure and impossible. That was the year physicist Max Planck suggested certain peculiarities about the behavior of atoms could be explained, as the mathematicians put it, easily, if you made the fantastic assumption that energy in the universe had to be parceled out in little jerks. This he called the Quantum Theory; each of the little parcels of energy was called a quantum. Of course, everything was so tiny you couldn't possibly notice any difference, and so the whole thing seemed conspicuously free from practical importance.

This odd theory still seemed to have no more practical importance when a mathematical physicist by the name of Einstein showed five years later that

it might be possible to transform matter into energy. The practical importance finally appeared when this transformation was made to take place over the city of Hiroshima, and suddenly we all heard of the new element plutonium, named for Pluto, the God of the Underworld.

Einstein went on in 1915 to give the world the Theory of Relativity (See "The Greatest Ten of Our Time," page 10).

In 1900 Canada was not only a new nation; she was still a young nation. She was beginning to realize that Confederation had given her a latchkey and considerable privileges, but she did not yet have a home of her own. For instance, the power to make her own agreements was not fully recognized. Britain had just repudiated commercial treaties with Germany and Belgium in so far as they applied to Canada.

And the Governor-General ruled in Canada till 1926 as even the King did not rule in England. That year Governor-General Byng rejected Prime Minister King's recommendation to dissolve Parliament and King instantly resigned. Lord Byng then sent for Arthur Meighen who in a few days offered the same advice, which was accepted this time. In the election King was decisively supported, and a hurried Imperial Conference made the constitutional position of the Governor-General absolutely clear.

This soon led to the Statute of Westminster in 1931, whereby Canada did get a home of her own, though letters were sometimes sent to her old address in the form of appeals to the Privy Council.

Wars: Ten Years Hot, 26 Cold

Now, in 1950, Prime Minister St. Laurent has made arrangements to stop even this, and to remove the British Parliament from the embarrassment of being forced to pass whatever amendments to the B.N.A. Act Canada may request; this arrangement has in practice been humiliating to the independence of Britain's House of Commons, rather than Canada's.

But in 1900 Prime Minister Laurier was busy consolidating the 33-year-old Dominion with its 5,500,000 people,

30% of them French. Today the French are still 30% of the total; but there are 13 million people altogether.

Canadians in 1900 were not used to the idea of foreign war. Apart from the time when they advertised for volunteers in Winnipeg and got 400 *volunteers* to go with Gordon to Khartoum, the whole 100 years of the 19th century had brought Canadians exactly two and a half years of foreign wars: from the middle of 1812 to the end of 1814.

But the 50 years after 1900 brought Canadians 10 years of shooting war and 26 of cold war. There are Canadian men and women of 35 who have never known a day of real peace. Just before 1900 there were Canadian men and women over 80 who had never known a day of real war.

The great change is partly because science has contracted space. A war anywhere is now a war everywhere. All wars are world wars and all revolutions world revolutions; and nearly everybody realizes it. In 1900 almost nobody realized it. The people were thinking of nothing but their glittering new national sovereignty which they were being allowed to see for the first time. Now they can wear the jewels as much as they want, but unfortunately the party seems to be over.

A United States of Europe is being seriously discussed and not by hot-headed youths but by elder conservative statesmen. The Soviet Union is still bringing up national sovereignty whenever international atom-plant inspection is suggested.

The disturbing thing is that this argument sounds not only exasperating, but old-fashioned. That is indeed a change from 1900 when a nation had every right to be as sovereign as it could get away with. But between then and now the heads of a sovereign state have died on the scaffold for starting a war they could not win—in 1900 an incredible penalty for an inconceivable crime.

The new knowledge of the Age of Science has changed a lot of minds. We are beginning to realize that we cannot really see the world from the bottom of a rut, and when we come out and look round we see that the Age of Science—the new religion of the West—is also, strangely enough, the Age of the East. The shrinking earth is cracking fast across the Orient. More than 1,000 years ago the faith of Islam blazed across the world to the cry of, "There is no God but Allah, and Mohammed is His prophet." And the Mohammedans were soon standing before the gates of Paris.

The New Prophets in Moscow

It is now more than 100 years since the Communist Manifesto. In that time, and particularly in the last 50, Communism has also blazed across the world to the cry of, "There is no God but the Materialist Dialectic, and Marx, Lenin and Stalin are its prophets." At whose gates do the Communists now stand?

Science has shown that the sufferings

of poverty and contempt are the food of Communism, but the warning is still partly ignored. Instead of remedying these evils we have stoutly asserted that they do not exist, never have existed, and cannot possibly exist in our society.

The Communist world takes the same view toward the different cruelties and miseries of their own. We claim to have all the freedom; they claim to have all the justice.

Between us the world is becoming divided into two rival orthodoxies in each of which the famous and terrifying cry of "Heresy!" is being heard again. And this is certainly the death cry of that science which has brought us as far as we have come, for all our monstrous misuse of it.

Fifty years ago the world was split into an infinite variety of opinions, many of them at each other's throats, but always with enough left over to provide a moral balance and a spiritual refuge. The blazing energy of science has suddenly welded us together in the lump. We are changing our facts, we are changing our lives, and we are even sometimes changing our minds. And we do not like it.

Science has speeded up our whole world, and today we are forced to make choices which we may not like to make so hurriedly. It is a poor world with only two opinions in it, especially if neither of them is right. Is that the world of 1950?

There is still, after all, India to be reckoned with. We have shown *how*

to do things by means of science; she may yet show us *what* must be done. So far in the last 50 years the Western churches have not succeeded in making a great practical appeal, though recently there seem to be signs of an awakening. But the genius of India has always been religious, and in the last half century that genius has been powerfully directed toward government and conduct. Not since the time of Christ has one mortal man carried so much moral weight by spiritual influence alone as Mahatma Gandhi. Who would have credited his influence in 1900?

The easiest way to think of it is to remember that when the Mohammedans gave in because of Gandhi's final fast of penitence, it is equivalent to the Communist Party giving in because the Pope is fasting to death. In other words India treated her case as a spiritual question, and Gandhi tried to fight the battle on a spiritual level where, as he rightly pointed out, the Western world was virtually unarmed.

If India can take the weapon which one man so developed in the last 50 years, while we were living in the Age of Science, she may be able to give that age some meaning. She may be able to show that the ethical basis of Christianity, that we love one another, is a matter of immediate necessity and practical politics, and that nothing else is either necessary or practical.

And if that can happen, there is no knowing what the next 50 years may not bring. ★

Backstage at Ottawa

Continued from page 16

that the mill entitled to receive the business quotes the lowest price."

* * *

Why these shenanigans?

Mr. Howe, wartime Minister of Munitions and Supply, has a blunt unflattering answer: "It was the silliest thing I ever heard of. You'd think a bunch of seven-year-old children would have had more sense."

Munitions and Supply bought at the ceiling price, he says; they didn't try for any lower price, because the millers' excess profits were being confiscated 100% anyway.

Some Prices Board officials, who have read the McGregor report and know something of the wartime background, have an even less flattering explanation. In their opinion the flour millers did have a price-fixing arrangement before the war which, if Fred McGregor had attacked then, might have been vulnerable.

During their prewar period of operation, the millers adopted a routine of secrecy. When the Wartime Prices and Trade Board came along with its subsidy and its profit confiscation, thus making price agreements temporarily respectable, the milling trade didn't change its prewar routine.

* * *

Donald Gordon, in his defense of the millers' price agreements during the period of price and profit control, said among other things: "The winning of the war justified any departure from the normal."

In that connection it's interesting to read Mr. McGregor's paragraph on what happened to Atlas Flour Mills in Vancouver. On March 6, 1941—just when the Battle of the Atlantic was at its peak, and supplies were precious—one director of the millers' association wrote to another:

"We have as a group purchased (the

Atlas mill), each contributing our share, and it will be shut up and dismantled. I hope it will improve the situation."

The "situation" seems to have been that the Atlas mill, which could produce 600 barrels of flour a day, was able to underbid the big millers' agreed price by anywhere from \$1 to \$1.60 a barrel. So five of the big millers raised \$30,000 to buy out this annoying competitor and tear down his mill. It only reduced Canada's flour production capacity by half of one per cent, but March 1941 was a time when every little helped.

Neither Mr. Gordon nor Mr. Howe defends this action, or indeed makes any comment on it at all. This happened before price control and profit confiscation were imposed on the industry. They have no brief for anything the millers did before that.

* * *

Fred McGregor's report indicates that whatever the wartime regulations may have said, some of the millers thought they were conspiring to keep prices high. And some of them believed this policy was a mistake.

J. A. Humphries of Western Canada Flour Mills put it this way, in a report of March 9, 1942:

"Let us face the facts. Aren't we doing business in much the same way as we were 25 years ago, and aren't we all the time trying to get our price up when we should be working out ways and means of getting it down?"

"Most businesses today are working to get their prices to the consumer down, but with us we are working to get them up."

Mr. McGregor notes that the price agreements didn't always work. "Everybody had his tongue in his cheek when these things were discussed," one executive testified at the enquiry. Another said, "In the backs of our minds we were never bound by any agreement." This in spite of the fact that the secret records say "all members pledged their honor" to observe certain of the price-fixing deals.

Pledge or no pledge, there were some funny incidents. One was the time they clubbed together on one-price tenders to the Hudson's Bay Company. "To make sure nobody would chisel, all tenders were to be sent to the millers' association secretary in open envelopes, and posted by him. All but one company followed this procedure; Western Canada Flour Mills made its own tender, quoted a lower price and got the business. ("An error," Western Canada explained to enraged competitors.)

There was also the time they fixed up a common tender to the United States Army for supplies to the Alaska Highway job. Faced with a sheaf of identical tenders, the American officers cut cards to see which company should get the order. Quaker Oats won, with a king of diamonds, but then the Americans changed their minds and called for new tenders.

Again the association millers quoted one price, tendering through one member in Calgary—"I don't think there was any room for chiseling," said the chairman of the western association. But alas, they reckoned without the outsiders. A small mill got wind of the U. S. Army contract, submitted a much lower bid, and got the business.

* * *

A combine is defined in the act as a combination, merger, trust or monopoly which "has operated or is likely to operate" against the public interest. Fred McGregor claims the flour millers formed a combine of this nature, to "fix a common price . . . prevent or lessen competition." Why does the Government refuse to prosecute, or even to endorse the McGregor report?

For two reasons. First, they say, it doesn't matter how secretive the millers were in making price deals. The fact was that during the war, with all their excess profits confiscated, they did not and indeed could not make money by trying to keep prices up.

The Government also feels strongly that prosecution of the millers for their

wartime activities would be a breach of faith.

It's true no explicit orders were given, in writing, to forbid price cutting or to authorize a price combine. However, record does exist of a conference among Donald Gordon, Hon. J. L. Isley (then Minister of Finance) and C. H. G. Short, who became flour administrator, at which price fixing was discussed. Mr. Isley agreed that price cutting under the wartime circumstances would really be an attempt to gain competitive advantage at the taxpayer's expense. Mr. Short raised the question of the Combines Act, and was assured that there would be no breach of the Combines Act under these circumstances.

Also on record is a letter from a previous flour administrator, to a group of western millers, telling them to get together on a price problem and "fix it up among yourselves."

Mr. Howe was also concerned not only on the millers' behalf, but on that of other industries. Many of them were organized into something resembling cartels during the war, at the instigation of Mr. Howe's own Department of Munitions and Supply.

* * *

Why didn't the flour millers make more of this plea at the enquiry? Why didn't they call Donald Gordon as a witness, stop McGregor in his tracks?

A possible answer is that they were deliberately reserving their defense.

They knew that if Fred McGregor did report a combine, they could challenge the Government to prosecute and then produce Messrs. Gordon and Isley as surprise witnesses for the defense. This would do more than merely blast the prosecution's case out of court. It would thoroughly discredit the Combines Investigation Commissioner and all his works.

If this was their strategy, it worked. Fred McGregor is out. The Government will have a hard time finding a really good man to take on the thankless job he leaves behind him. ★

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toaster burns
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doesn't pick up
concrete cracks
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windows rattle
stairs squeak
shingles get loose

door hinge falls off
water discolors
mouldings loosen
termites attack
paint fails to dry

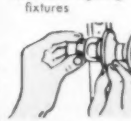


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point over chipped
point
shingle or reroof
weatherproof
get house ready for winter or summer
build window
cornices
stucco outside

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cut, hang wallpaper
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center
plaster walls
convert attic
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replace corroded pipe
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fixtures



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downspouts
point over wallpaper
enlarge doorway
lengthen lamp cords
finish or refinish
furniture
properly defrost
take out, put up
partitions
make taller or
smaller doorways
enlarge kitchen
storage space
construct retaining
wall
put up storm
windows
stucco outside

cure damp basement
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lengthen lamp cord



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MAILBAG

Yanks Not Unjust Say Newfoundlanders

IN THE NOV. 15 edition of your magazine I read an article entitled "Where the Yanks Rule a Part of Canada" and after I finished reading it I asked myself why it was written. Was it to stir up antagonism among Newfoundlanders against U. S. bases? Is it the start of propaganda to have the U. S. bases dismantled, or to have the operations curtailed, or to take away or lessen the sovereignty of the United States over the leased land? ... The author talks nicely of some of the good actions performed by the U. S. Army in Newfoundland but they are lightly touched upon. The few "bad" incidents are enlarged upon and discussed at length and made to appear as glaring attacks upon the independence of Newfoundland. ... If the author wishes to discuss real attacks on the sovereignty of Newfoundland, let him write of the manner by which Confederation was consummated!—J. G. Higgins, St. John's, Nfld.

The article was published to tell the shocking news that a foreign country could deny justice to a Newfoundlander on his own soil. Didn't Mr. Higgins, a King's Counsel and leader of the Newfoundland Opposition, find this shocking?—The Editors.

• There are thousands of Newfoundlanders who can see little if any "injustice" in the Americans spending millions of dollars yearly providing thousands of jobs at fairly good wages in exchange for a few extra-territorial rights in small areas of our country.—G. Broomfield, St. John's.

• Tell Blair Fraser not to worry about U. S. A. bases here, because the people of this country are not worried but only too glad to have them here and many wish that the leases were forever and not just ninety-nine (99) years. Also as far as the Federal Government buying out the Yanks, I guess it would have to get a loan from America first to do so.—L. Murphy, St. John's.

Sibelius or St. Laurent

On looking at the cover of Maclean's Nov. 15 I immediately assumed it was Prime Minister St. Laurent. It was only on reading the story on page 8 that I realized the picture was that of the great composer, Jean Sibelius. Has anyone else noticed this marked resemblance?—A. E. Cameron, Toronto.

The Legend of Big Finnan

I read with great interest Miss Thompson's Canadianecode about Big Finnan McDonald (Nov. 15). As I once lived in Glengarry, I got to know a daughter of Big Finnan. She was the wife of a French Canadian named Bertrand whose soubriquet was "Quebecois." The story current in Glengarry was that Big Finnan killed the buffalo bull with a blow of his fist. Mrs. Bertrand told me that this was not actually true; but that when the

bull charged, Finnan side-stepped, struck the bull with a powerful blow just behind the ear, upset its balance and caused it to fall on its head. This broke the bull's neck. This version of the incident seems to me more probable and more dramatic.

Legends grow about the persons of heroes and who can say which is the true account of the incident? I will continue to believe that Big Finnan killed the buffalo bull with the mighty blow of a Highlander's fist.—Roderick G. Millar, Hamilton, Ont.

Two Cents, Please

I can appreciate any magazine's devoting space for readers' comments; it promotes a "family" feeling which is much desired. I can also understand your publishing a letter which most emphatically makes its point, while another, saying the same thing but not as well, must be left out. However, the resulting unrestrained cheering and alternate scathing condemnations unsettle me greatly. I don't think that the average reader feels that strongly—most of the letters published show no tolerance, no relaxed "of-course-I-could-be-wrong" views. Nudism, Beverley Baxter, your covers and the rest are all painted either dead black or pure white by your letter writers. It's like sitting in a theatre watching lone, assorted characters appear for a brief moment, roaring and shrieking or applauding and gushing and walking off into the wings.

Perhaps it is Maclean's fault. Perhaps, after seeing so many letters of this type on your pages, he feels he is forced to "make it hot" if he is to see his two cent's worth in print.—Gord Glynn, Toronto.

Sinclair Strikes Back

Of all the half-truths and veiled slams I ever read that stuff about me ("The Inside Story of Gordon Sinclair," Dec. 1) wins the fur-trimmed falsies.

My clothes don't ALL look like forest fires. I've got a navy-blue for funerals and one of those pepper-and-salt things usually found on frustrated vice-presidents in charge of box tops. And about hobbies: I'm the cham-



Gordon Sinclair: Is a rhubarb bad?

pion cameroon player for the Western hemisphere and if you don't know what cameroon is you shouldn't be printing articles.

Your writer hints that I'm all the time fighting with my wife but the truth is different. Lots of days we don't fight even twice.

And you didn't even give the names of my three fine boys who are Jack, Donald and Gordon. But you wouldn't care. All you say is that Sinclair is always in the middle of some rhubarb or uproar. (See cartoon.) Well, I'm asking you . . . is that bad?—Gordon Sinclair, Islington, Ont.

Dept. of Rapped Knuckles

In reading "Fortune in a Million Figures" (Nov. 15) I have come across a contradictory statement. On page 16—"She is also the mother of a six-year-old girl and a 20-month-old boy." Then on page 75—"When she got home she looked after the baby boy in one apartment." That was in 1943. Her boy is supposed to be only 20 months old.—Mrs. Lena E. Rittner.

Page 16 was right.—The Editors.

• Please refer to the third paragraph on page 16 of your issue of Nov. 1, which mentions Frank McLaren ("The Loneliest Man in Canada"). Then take a look at the final paragraph on the same article in the second column of page 51, which mentions George McLaren. Brothers?—J. Herbert Forbes, Hamilton.

Same man. His name should have been Frank. Page 16 still right.—The Editors.

• Just finished reading your article on the All-Star Rugby team in the December 1 issue of Maclean's. Does your writer really think Sammy Price plays for Edmonton? Sammy plays for Regina. Only wish we did have him.—Pat Gunn, Edmonton.

Answer Awaited

To the readers who criticize the covers:

Are you paying Maclean's for their covers or what's in between the covers?—Mrs. J. R. B., Brandon, Man.

Quick Changer

I've always liked your fiction, but you certainly had a quick-change artist in the story "Beauty and the Brake-man" by James Carver, Nov. 15. Halfway down the second column on page 30 the story goes: "Halfway down this alley of cars Pete stopped suddenly. Approaching him through the dusk was a big-shouldered loose-gaited man dressed in railroader's clothes." Twenty-seven lines farther on, while Pete is still talking to this man in the

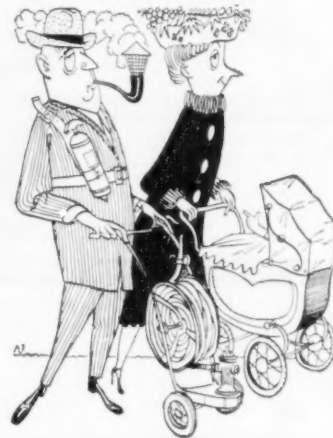
same scene, the story goes: "gone were the railroad clothes. He was dressed in a stylish tweed sports jacket, dark slacks, a gaudy sports shirt."

Fast work! That man must be a CPR brakeman.—J. B. Lefebvre (CPR brakeman), Montreal.

No. He really worked for a rapid transfer system, says author Carver.

Where There's Smoke . . .

I have read with great interest "Stop This Fire Death Sacrifice!" by Fred Bodsworth (Nov. 15), but was very surprised to find no mention whatsoever of the menace of careless



smokers. Does Mr. Bodsworth not agree that the time has come to place much more drastic restrictions on smokers whose habit tends to make them selfish and thoughtless?—Miss M. C. Affleck, Montreal.

A Bas the Hyphen

Referring to your editorial on the use of the hyphen (Oct. 1), I have long been of the opinion that the use of the hyphen in describing a Canadian as an English-Canadian, a French-Canadian or any other kind of a Canadian has a disunifying effect. The proper term, I suggest, should be "an English speaking Canadian" or a "French speaking Canadian." In using this designation it emphasizes the fact that the person spoken of is a Canadian, first and foremost, and always, no matter where he or his forebears came from.—James L. Rankin, Sr., Montreal.

Overvalued Coins

On the assumption—justified, I am sure—that Maclean's is interested in facts, I should like to comment on the Canadianecode on the B. C. gold coins on page 38, Sept 15. This article ends, "Numismatists figure it could bring \$20,000 if offered for sale," the "it" referring to "an 1862 gold piece."

So far as we in the Ottawa Coin Club can determine the last occasion on which these coins appeared in an auction was in 1935 when the Waldo Newcomer collection was sold in New York. The \$20 then sold for \$875, and the \$10 for \$310. Even allowing for the change in value of money since that date it is highly improbable that the \$20 would today sell for more than \$1,200-\$1,500.

I know of no coin, of any period, which has brought more than \$10,000, this sum having been paid for each of the two \$50 pattern gold pieces of the U. S., the only ones existing, and now in the national collection in Washington.—G. R. L. Potter, president, Ottawa Coin Club.

WIT AND WISDOM

Prodigal Pa—If meat was as high then as it is now, the father who killed the fatted calf upon the return of his prodigal son was a great deal of a prodigal himself.—*Kingston Whig-Standard*.

What's Its Trade-In Value?—Nature did very well by the turtle in the manner of protective equipment. It has a portable house, turret top and retractable landing gear. And it can draw its neck in more quickly than most living things.—*Port Arthur News-Chronicle*.

Now, If It Will Only Dissolve Scientists—It is reported that scientists have found a chemical that will dissolve fog. All we need now is a gadget that will discharge it from the front end of a car to clear the fog for 50 yards ahead.—*Oshawa Times-Gazette*.

The Truthful Half—About 50% of the men are flatterers, says a writer. The others are merely husbands.—*Calgary Albertan*.

We Had Hardly Noticed—In connection with the proposed vote on Sunday sports in Toronto, we can think back to the days when it was

a difficult thing to persuade Toronto voters to favor Sunday operation of streetcars. How times have changed! —*Galt Reporter*.

There'll Always Be the Rent Between Them—On the one side are the tenants, on the other the landlords and never the twain shall meet.—*Port Arthur News-Chronicle*.

And Feel Like—! Most people feel they can do without bee stings. However, at least four drug companies in North America harvest bee stings for medicinal purposes. Bee stings have been regarded as useful medicine for thousands of years but modern doctors do not always agree. The venom is reputed to look like water and taste like bananas.—*Family Herald and Weekly Star*.

At Seat of Trouble—Hosts to a nudist convention in Colorado spent hours sandpapering benches. Getting right to the point and the seat of things.—*Chatham News*.

On the Sea of Matrimony—A girl we know wants to marry a sailor and rear admirals.—*Leamington Post and News*.



The Moderns—From a New South Wales country paper:

"The committee of the golf club debated whether women players might be allowed to wear trousers on the links. Their decision was:

"Trousers may be worn by women golfers on the course, but must be taken off on entering the clubhouse."—*Victoria Colonist*.

Serious Ailment—Psychiatrist: That habit of talking to yourself is really nothing to worry about.

Patient: Perhaps not. But I'm such a bore.—*Galt Evening Reporter*.

Good Deed—A scoutmaster ran across three of his most eager-beaver scouts on the street one day.

"Well, lads," he said. "What have you been up to?"

"We did our good deed for today," the boys cried in unison. "We carried an old lady across the street."

"It didn't take three scouts to carry an old lady across the street, did it?" the master asked.

"Oh yes it did," one of the boys piped up. "She didn't want to go." —*Welland-Port Colborne Tribune*.

What's in a Name?—"What's your name?" the store manager asked the young applicant for a job recently.

"Ford," replied the lad. "And your first name?"

"Henry."

"Henry Ford, eh?" remarked the manager with a smile. "That's a pretty well-known name."

The boy looked pleased. "Yes, sir, it ought to be," he replied proudly. "I've been delivering groceries around here for two years now." —*Cobourg Sentinel-Star*.

Courtesy Personified—A truck driver, in a hurry to get to his destination, missed a turn in the road. He ran across a farmer's yard and straight into the kitchen of the house, where the farmer's wife was

cooking a meal. She looked up briefly, then nonchalantly went on stirring the stew on the stove. The truck driver, somewhat confused and embarrassed, managed to blurt out: "Can you tell me how to get to Hagerstown?"

"Yep," answered the woman calmly, "straight past the dining-room table, then turn right beyond the piano." —*Victoria Colonist*.

Definition—The Church Conference was at lunch, and a discussion had arisen as to the duties of the laity in country parishes.

"The activities of the laywomen," said an authoritative voice, "must be definitely organized."

"What is a laywoman, precisely?" someone asked.

The rural dean's 13-year-old daughter broke a long silence: "A hen." —*Moncton Times*.

Lincoln's Method—President Lincoln was once taken to task for his attitude toward his enemies.

"Why do you try to make friends of them?" asked an associate. "You should try to destroy them."

"Am I not destroying my enemies," Lincoln gently replied, "when I make them my friends?" —*Galt Reporter*.

Shocking Proposal—"Those new people across the road seem very devoted," said Mrs. Jones to the newspaper which hid her husband. A rustle of the sheet was all the reply she got, but she was used to that.

"Every time he goes out he kisses her, and goes on throwing kisses all down the road. Edward, why don't you do that?"

"Me?" snorted the man behind the newspaper, "I don't know her!" —*Welland-Port Colborne Tribune*.

And the Husband Wonders Why He Did—The family never thinks that daughter married as well as she should and the neighbors always marvel that she married as well as she did.—*Guelph Mercury*.

JASPER

By Simpkins

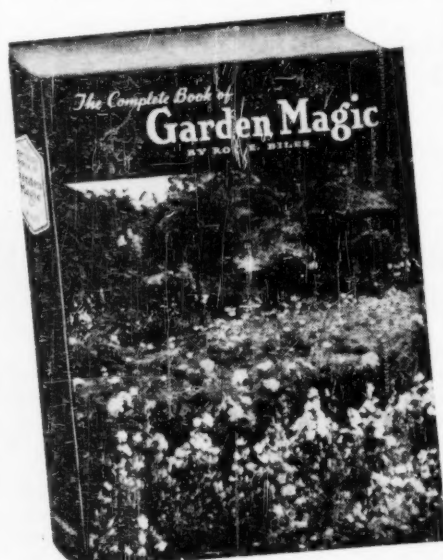


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THE ROCK GARDEN: How to build . . . how to plant . . . the Wall Garden . . . proper drainage, 10 lists of plants for different types of rock gardens.

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PARADE

THE GRIN AND BARE IT SECTION

YOUNG fellow in Calgary decided it was time his house had a proper sidewalk to the front door and bravely launched into the cement - mixing and walk - laying business without previous experience. Ended up with a nicely curved walk that, when the last wrinkle was smoothed out of it, he couldn't help but stand and admire—flanked, of course, by the usual cluster of curious kids.

"There—" he exclaimed proudly. Then announced "I don't want to



catch any of you tykes putting footprints on this fresh cement, and I better put a barricade across the lower end before some darn fool turns in off the street." With which he picked up a sawhorse and hauled it down to the end of the new walk, plodding right down the middle of his fresh cement to get there.

Farm woman in North Winchester, a rural Ontario district where the going is heavy on the party telephone lines, tried repeatedly to get the line the other morning but two of her neighbors had apparently established a monopoly. Then out of desperation came inspiration, and picking up the receiver again she cried, "I can smell your beans burning!"

"Oh—" screamed both the talkers and cleared off the line in a hurry.

When his wife had to go to the hospital a resident of the small town of Shalalth, B.C., was faced with the desperate prospect of trying to cope with four children and an office job, simultaneously. It was with relief that he heard of a capable Indian woman who would come in and take over, and when he found that the only possible catch was that she had a baby of her own he said to bring the babe along with her.

The Indian mother was just as good as recommended, the children got along fine, things went swell at the office, mother wouldn't be much longer in the hospital and . . . and then one afternoon the Indian woman rushed into his office, announced

she was leaving for no apparent reason, and rushed out to catch her train. Heading for home on the double to rescue his deserted family he was even more appalled to discover that his temporary housekeeper had not only left his own children in the lurch but left her own infant yowling with the rest of them. He was still sitting there, head in his hands, when a taxi brought Momma home from the hospital, along with still another little mouth to yowl.

In a new Toronto suburb where much building still goes on, monster brick trucks and other heavy vehicles provide an added hazard for the youngsters in homes already completed. The demand for building materials being what it is, moreover, the trucks always seemed to be in a hurry. A community meeting was called and one man suggested a go-slow sign putting a 20-mile-an-hour speed limit on the street. This idea was greeted with general approval except for one worried mother who arose, shaking her head, to explain, "My children are just two and three and I'm afraid they couldn't read the sign."

Fellow waiting at a bus stop near the University of British Columbia overheard a lively theological discussion among laborers digging a sewer trench. The final word came from one burly shovel-slinger who declared: "After all, there aren't no



heaven, no hell, no God or no devil. There ain't nothing 'cept what we see. Anyway, we know nothing. We're all ignorant."

Then he straightened his aching back, and, gesturing toward the nearby towers of learning, he exclaimed: "The only difference between us and those fellows is a higher degree of ignorance."

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